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ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES,

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AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on Hand, in Bank, and with Agents.....	\$802,747 99
State Stocks and Bonds.....	27,500 00
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Real Estate.....	373,157 48
Loans on Collateral.....	58,382 50
Real Estate Loans.....	368,150 92
Accumulated Interest and Rents.....	59,036 12

TOTAL CASH ASSETS..... \$5,429,793 51

LIABILITIES.	
Cash Capital.....	\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses.....	533,503 73
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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at the Kennedy Building, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1894

Literature

"Literary Recollections and Sketches"

By Francis Espinasse. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A PRACTISED hand is obvious in these recollections, which originally came out under the signature Φ in *The Bookman* during the two years from its commencement in October, 1891. They are interesting from beginning to end and hold the reader with a sort of fascination until he finishes them at the 426th page. Their author, Mr. Espinasse, is an Edinburgher of French ancestry who has held several editorial chairs, written many books, and contributed many articles to the "Dictionary of Universal Biography." He is evidently a gentleman of (we fear) the "Old School," not only from what he writes, but from what he abstains from writing, of the celebrities with whom he came in contact. Mr. Froude, however, arouses his spleen, chiefly because of the fluent fictions and inaccuracies in which he indulges about Carlyle. The shade of this overpowering personality—the net result of generations of sour Scotch porridge—dominates the book as Victor Hugo says Napoleon dominates the beginning of the century:—

"Toujours Napoléon, éblouissant ou sombre,
Sur le seuil du siècle est debout."

Both these epithets, *éblouissant* and *sombre*, admirably describe Carlyle, who was at once the darkest and most dazzling figure of the time, and whose mingled gloom and luminosity fill hundreds of pages of these "Recollections." Carlyle was indeed a necromancer whose "black art" magnetized like light, whose very eccentricity possessed a radiance of its own, and whose roaring egotism, heard all over England for forty years, had a Gargantua-like charm for young men. Scores of unknown correspondents wrote to this unlovely man whose beautiful imagination had touched them, and the spell of whose power had woven itself over their lives and hearts—until they saw him. Not many survived the shock of a personal encounter. Mr. Espinasse was one, and the Ashburtons, and Miss Jewsbury, and the historian of Henry the Eighth were others. This book is buttered with "Carlylese," but it is to the credit of the author's self-respect that he did not hesitate to beard the lion in his den, contradicted or corrected him in argument, and retained his friendship in spite of often diametrically opposed opinions. Of his own contemporaries Carlyle had hardly any opinion. Heine was a "blackguard," Guizot was "wishy-washy," George Sand was worse; Emerson "insinuated himself wonderfully into his hearers but talked moonshine"; Macaulay was "a shining river"; Southey's prose was "watery"; Coleridge's conversation had "no premises, sir, no conclusions"; against the "dead dogs" of Tennyson's and Mrs. Browning's verse he protested, as against that "fricassee of dead dog," Lord Houghton's "Life of Keats," and so on. There were, indeed, "beautiful old fellows" like Herodotus whom he admired, but they were all dead! Even Burke only had "gleams of insight," while Carlyle, with his second-hand knowledge of the classics, did not hesitate to proclaim that "there was Goethe, who was not a profound classical scholar, but yet he knew better than all your pedants what a Roman or Greek man thought and felt!" This was mighty comforting to a man who read his Homer chiefly if not solely through the medium of Voss's German version, and whose hostility to Macaulay was intensified by the latter's laughter over Carlyle's blundering in elementary Greek.

The Aurora to this Tithonus was played by Mrs. Carlyle, of whom Charlotte Cushman wrote:—"On Sunday who should come self-invited to meet me [in Manchester] but Mrs. Carlyle? She came at one o'clock and stayed until eight. And

such a day I have not known. Clever, witty, calm, cool, unsmiling, unsparing, a *raconteur* unparalleled, manner inimitable, a behavior scrupulous, and a power invincible—a combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet unescapable woman! Oh, I must tell you of that day, for I cannot write it! After she left, of course we talked *her* until the small hours of the morning." (p. 143.) Mr. Espinasse notes Mrs. Carlyle's "interruptuousness" when her lord and master was in the full flow of conversation, but he does full justice to her sparkle, her gypsy brilliance and her French causticity and wit. Lady Ashburton dubbed her "Agrippina" because she fondled a little pet dog called "Nero."

Many other persons beside the Carlyles are discussed in these reminiscences, among them Lewes and George Eliot (whom Mrs. Carlyle "set down on" most emphatically); Lord Beaconsfield, whose jaunty Jewish physiognomy peeps out of an anecdote or two; Panizzi, the "fat pedant" who lorded it over the British Museum as librarian-in-chief, and whom the author (like Carlyle) pursues with relentless hostility; James Hannay, Mill, Aytoun, Blackwood, Leigh Hunt and others. Of most of these there is an entertaining account, drawn from first or second sources, and giving the reader an agreeable survey of the century. The book, however, is essentially a Carlyle book—he is the "fiery fugue" that runs through it all and makes it, in spite of the now enormous mass of Carlyliana, extremely interesting. Mr. Espinasse directs attention to the highly important unpublished collections of Carlyle and other letters among the Forster bequests in the South Kensington Museum, and to the invaluable mass of pamphlets, broadsides and the like relating to Oliver Cromwell in the British Museum, to which Panizzi would not allow Carlyle to have access. These would furnish excellent subjects for the Johns Hopkins University Studies.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters's "Tennyson"

Tennyson: Poet, Philosopher, Idealist. By J. Cuming Walters. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THIS IS THE bulkiest of recent books on Tennyson, and on the whole a good one. It is made up, as the second part of the title puts it, of "studies of the life, work and teaching of the Poet Laureate." The life, however, is treated only so far as it bears on the works, no complete biography being attempted. The events of Tennyson's youth are recounted with some detail, because the writer "believes in the far-reaching and permanent effects of early environment," but the remainder of the personal history is only touched lightly. The "small talk" of which eminent men are so often the victims, and from which Tennyson has particularly suffered, is said to be carefully excluded; but Mr. Walters nevertheless repeats the story of the poet's draining a decanter of port while Irving, who was his guest, slowly sipped a single glass, and then asking, "Do you always drink a bottle of port, Mr. Irving, after dinner?" This has gone the rounds of the newspapers with sundry variations, but the reviewer happens to know that the poet branded it as a "sheer fabrication." Tennyson also denied in the most explicit terms that the poem entitled "The Flower" had any personal reference; but Mr. Walters repeats the popular theory that it was "a protest against the crowd of imitators who had risen up and threatened to detract from the honors" he had won.

Regret is expressed that the song, "Britons, Guard your Own," has not been included in the latest editions of the works; still, the interesting fact might have been added that the burden of it reappears in the "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by the Queen," each stanza of

which ends with "Britons, hold your own." "Rosalind" is also mentioned among the suppressed poems of 1833 that have not been restored, though it was inserted in the edition of 1884.

The review of the volume of 1830, which appeared in *The Westminster Review* for January, 1831, is ascribed to John Stuart Mill, as it has been by several other writers, who apparently confound it with the one by him in the same quarterly for July, 1835. According to the present Lord Tennyson, the earlier review was by Sir John Bowring.

The youthful sonnet on Cambridge University, which the poet never intended to print, is given by Mr. Walters thus:—

"Therefore your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings and queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich-carven screens,
Your doctors, and your proctors, and your deans
Shall not avail you, when the Day-beam sports
New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion—No!
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts
At morn and eve—because your manner sorts
Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart—
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you, you that do profess to teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart."

This is said to be copied from the "autograph manuscript" inserted in a copy of the "Poems" of 1833, which is preserved in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington; it is in reality a revised form of the sonnet which has been printed several times without authority. Why the author took the trouble to recast it, or how it first got into print, we cannot say. The original version, as given by Mr. R. H. Shepherd in his "Tennysonianana" (2d ed., 1879), has in the third line "Your bridges and your busted libraries" (a unique instance of *busted* in that sense, we believe), and the next line has "rich carved." The last five lines read as follows:—

"At morn and eve—for your manner sorts
Not with this age, nor with the thoughts that * * *
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you—ye that did profess to teach
And have taught nothing, feeding not the soul."

The word at the end of the eleventh line is illegible, according to Mr. Shepherd. It should rhyme with *soul*, and it is difficult to guess what it could be, unless *roll*, which is not impossible in such youthful rhyming.

Mr. Walters says that the following note is "appended" to the manuscript copy, but this is manifestly contradicted by the reference to "print":—"I have a great affection for my old university, and can only regret that this spirit [*sic*] of undergraduate irritability against the Cambridge of that day ever found its way into print." The fact is, that this note was written after the sonnet had got into print, and we believe that it first appeared in the English *Notes and Queries*. The word printed "spirit" there, as by Mr. Walters and others who have quoted it, we suspect to have been "spirt" in the manuscript.

Mr. Walters is wrong in assuming that the lines "On the Death of Lord Byron," in the "Poems by Two Brothers," were written by Alfred; they belong to Charles, as we learn from the recent authorized reprint of the volume.

Whether the poem of 1830 entitled "A Character" was a portrait, and if so, of whom, are questions that have been often discussed but never settled. Mr. Walters now tells us that he has recently seen, in a copy of the 1830 volume, "the record, in faded ink, and in the Tennysonian caligraphy [the italics are in the original], that the "Character" was none other than 'Thomas Sunderland, M.A., of Trinity College.'" In an appendix Mr. Walters attempts to defend himself against the criticisms of Tennyson and others upon his earlier book, "In Tennyson Land," in which he endeavored to "localize" many poems or parts of poems, as, for example, the "moated grange" of "Mariana" the scene of "The Gardener's Daughter" and that of certain portions of "Maud." The poet declared that "all the poems quoted * * *

have nothing of Lincolnshire about them and are purely imaginative creations." Mr. Walters replies that "forty years previously Charles Kingsley had stated that the poems showed the color and tone of Lincolnshire, and Tennyson did not contradict him," and he cites the Rev. Mr. Rawnsley, Peter Bayne and others, including Edmund C. Stedman, as expressing the same opinion. He does not doubt that Tennyson was "honest," but "he was unconscious to what a great extent Lincolnshire entered into his poetry." Mr. Walters is apparently unconscious of the difference between a general statement like that of Kingsley and the rest, which is unquestionably true, and the positive identification of particular localities which he attempts. There might be touches of Lincolnshire "color," for instance, in "The Brook," but it does not follow that the author had in mind the brook hard by his birthplace at Somersby, as Mr. Walters assumed. "In Tennyson Land," as the poet said, was a "pleasant volume," but he was right in thinking that the author had "ridden his hobby to death." This new book is elegantly printed, and has for frontispiece a good portrait of the Laureate from one of Mrs. Cameron's artistic photographs.

"A Year amongst the Persians"

By Edward G. Browne. Macmillan & Co.

THE WORLD will always be indebted to the diaries and letters of travellers for information of a certain kind which the historian could not directly give; and the knowledge thus obtained increases rather than decreases in value with the lapse of time. The student of India and Persia, for example, will owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Pietro della Valle, Chardin, Tavernier, Anquetil du Perron, Malcolm, Ouseley and Vambéry.

Praise already belongs to the author of the present work for his past contributions to our understanding of that interesting persecuted Persian sect, the followers of the Báb; and credit will be his for the instructive presentation he has now given of his year's sojourn, 1887-88, in the Land of the Lion and the Sun. The story of the way in which his interest became aroused in Oriental studies, and of his resulting journey from London to Teheran, is well told in the first four chapters of the book. The general reader will be interested in the chapter on mysticism, metaphysic and magic in the East; the technical scholar will value the information which the author gives in regard to his study of the Persian dialects. All that Mr. Browne has to say about Bábism and his intercourse with its devotees, moreover, is well worthy of attention.

The picture which he presents of the Persian Zoroastrians, the co-religionists of the Parsis of India, is equally full of interest. These followers of the faith of ancient Iran have remained true to the teachings of their master and prophet, whose creed became the religion of the great Achæmenian kings, Cyrus, Darius and Xerxes, in the days of Persia's pristine glory. Prof. Browne's account of the fire-temples which he was allowed to visit, at Yezd and Kirman, the two chief seats of the Persian Zoroastrians to-day, is of special worth. It is to be regretted that his knowledge of the ancient language of the Avesta and of its sacred rites is not so good as his linguistic accomplishments in modern Persian. One would like to know more, for instance, of those two old Avesta manuscripts in the temple of which he gives a description (pp. 392, 442). He also expresses uncertainty (p. 374) as to the nature and use of the sprigs of a certain plant which he saw in one of these temples. Judging from his description, the stalks must surely have been the *barsom*, or sacred twigs, used by the priest in the Avestan ritual. In the Avesta itself (Yasna 57. 6), allusion is made to the "barsom of nine twigs." Could it not have been this epithet *nava-yakhshti* which Mr. Browne heard in the word that sounded to him like *nāwā*?

The narrative of the traveller's homeward journey from Kirman to England is as pleasingly told as the rest of the book, and gives the same impression of keenness of observation combined with faithfulness, straightforwardness and ac-

curacy of presentation. The leaf from the author's diary (pp. 528-29) regarding his brief experience with opium-smoking and the tyranny it so soon exercises, is as instructive as it is interesting.

The book is well written, though the style is sometimes marred by the unnecessary frequency of parentheses. A good map adds to the worth of the volume which is a work of interest to all general readers, and one which will be of lasting value to travellers, missionaries and students of the East.

Books About American Generals

1. *General Johnston*. By Robert M. Hughes. (Great Commanders Series.) D. Appleton & Co.
2. *General George H. Thomas*. By Donn Piatt. Robert Clarke & Co.
3. *Major-General Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line*. By Charles J. Stillé. J. B. Lippincott Co.
4. *Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton*. By his Daughter, Susan P. Lee. J. B. Lippincott Co.
5. *Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas*. By Alfred M. Williams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SHORTLY BEFORE his death, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was informed that he would be among the American generals treated of in the Great Commanders Series, and was requested to designate his own biographer. His choice fell upon Mr. Robert M. Hughes, who, at the General's request, had previously undertaken the preparation of a more elaborate work, which the present one supersedes (1). The privilege of designating one's own biographer can rarely be accorded, and the advantage of being able to choose a person of known competence is counterbalanced by the natural doubt as to his impartiality. The fact that Gen. Johnston's death prevented any conference between himself and his biographer in regard to the details of the work, entirely exempts the latter from the charge of figuring as an amanuensis in the preparation of an autobiography. But it can hardly be claimed that he has been impartial. What Gen. Johnston did was always right, and whatever was done by others in opposition to his advice and wishes was always wrong. The biographer commits two faults which are not made excusable by the fact that they are so common in books of this kind. The first is the frequency of the inevitable "if," which would change all subsequent history; the second is the sacrifice of space which should be devoted to the personal characteristics of the subject in the attempt to describe in detail all the events with which that subject was in any way connected. Readers of biography prefer an insight into the life and character of the man to a record of the historical events with which he was connected.

The same faults are characteristic, in an even more noticeable degree, of Col. Piatt's "General George H. Thomas" (2). The preparation of this book was interrupted by Col. Piatt's death, and it was completed by Gen. H. V. Boynton. Col. Piatt places his hero on a pedestal of rock and then, seeing the figures of Grant, Sherman and other generals towering above his creation, sneeringly remarks that their monuments are built of the bones and cemented with the blood of men butchered in terrible disasters, foolishly called victories. In his inconsiderate tirade he seems to lose sight entirely of the fact that the greater these generals were, the greater must Gen. Thomas be in comparison with them. Col. Piatt was a forcible writer, but his ideas were so evidently the results of a morose, combative, fault-finding, jealous disposition and of a mind distorted by prejudice, that many readers, should his book be widely read, will have a constant struggle to repress the desire to lay it aside unfinished. The book is really a history of the War, and few will agree with the author that so extended a history is necessary for the estimate of a single general. In his preface to the concluding chapters, Gen. Boynton is careful to observe that he agreed to complete the work with the understanding that he did not adopt all the views expressed by Col. Piatt, nor concur in every case with his forms of criticism.

The "Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton" (3), by his daughter, Susan P. Lee, is almost entirely free from the faults common to the biographies of Johnston and Thomas.

The work of preparation has been well done. The reader is made acquainted with the real life of Gen. Pendleton, and cannot fail to admire his noble qualities and lovable character. The General was educated at West Point, and, after serving for several years as an officer of artillery, gave up the profession of arms to teach; afterwards he became a clergyman. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he accepted the command of the Rockbridge Artillery, and was soon advanced to the position of Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was one of the commissioners appointed by Gen. Lee to carry out the details of the surrender at Appomattox. After the War he resumed his parish work in Lexington, Va. The story of his life, so unpretentiously told by his daughter, and supplemented by numerous letters written during the War, is of great interest.

Believing that in both popular and standard works on the Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary eras there is a singular failure to give any adequate account of the part taken by Pennsylvania in the struggles of those days, or of the influence of her statesmen and soldiers in moulding the national policy, Dr. Charles J. Stillé, President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, with the object of calling the attention of students to what he aptly terms a "lost" chapter of American history, has prepared an account of the achievements of "Major-General Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line" (4) in the Continental Army. His work has been well done, and his book is most attractive in appearance as well as in contents. Like many other distinguished soldiers, Gen. Wayne showed a distinctly military turn of mind from early childhood. During the noon recess at school, in place of the usual games and amusements, he had the boys throwing up redoubts and skirmishing. He showed also a preference for mathematics, and did not take kindly to classical studies. Like Washington, he became a surveyor and led a life of hardship and constant exposure—a good school for the training of a soldier. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Wayne raised a battalion for Continental service, and was appointed colonel. His subsequent career was wonderful; he was one of the most brilliant and picturesque figures in the Revolutionary Army. The sobriquet of "Mad Anthony," which has led so many to estimate its possessor as a reckless dare-devil, was acquired in a very different manner from that ordinarily supposed. An Irish soldier of Wayne's command was subject to fits of insanity and during one of them was arrested by the general's order. Upon being released, he asked whether "Anthony" was "mad" (meaning angry) or "in fun" in placing him under arrest. Upon being told that the general was displeased, he exclaimed, "Then Anthony is mad! Farewell to you; clear the coast for the Commodore, 'Mad Anthony's' friend." At the close of the Revolution Gen. Wayne returned to civil life, but in 1792 was appointed by President Washington Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. His subsequent campaigns "gave the whole territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi to that peaceful immigration which has made that region the home of a noble civilization."

"Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas" (5), by Alfred M. Williams, is an exceptionally well-written book. Although Sam Houston does not rank among the most distinguished military leaders of his time, he may very appropriately be spoken of as an American General, since he was in command of the Texans at the battle of San Jacinto, which decided the independence of Texas. Thrilling accounts are given of the fall of the Alamo, the massacre of Goliad and the battle of San Jacinto. The author is impartial in his apportionment of faults and virtues to Houston, but believes this remarkable man strong enough to endure an unflattering portrait—a belief which most of his readers will share. The story of Houston's life is so strange that it would be incredible, were its details less positively known. When a mere boy, he ran away and took up his abode with the Cherokees, where he was adopted into the family of a sub-chief. At the age of eighteen he returned to civilization and opened a country school in order to acquire the means

for paying a debt. The War of 1812 breaking out soon after, young Houston enlisted, was soon promoted to the grade of ensign, and at the close of the war, having in the meantime been promoted to a lieutenancy for gallantry, was assigned to a regiment of infantry in the regular army. Not long after, he resigned his commission, studied law, became a Member of Congress at thirty, and Governor of Tennessee at thirty-four. While Governor he was wedded to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, but three months after the marriage his wife left him. He thereupon resigned the Governorship and returned to the Indians with whom he had lived in his boyhood. This sad fall while at the height of his popularity and with the brightest prospects for the future would have ended the public career of a man possessed of less wonderful qualities; but Houston emerged from the cloud, became identified with Texas, served two terms as President of the Republic he had done so much to create, became a United States Senator, and finally Governor of Texas. "He had many devoted partisans as well as bitter enemies, and the written records and estimates of him vary from extravagant and often fulsome eulogy to the harshest depreciation and the most venomous attack. In later years, the detraction and animosity are dying away, and he is becoming a somewhat mythical hero, who represents the traditional pride of a community, and embodies the reverence of a heroic history."

"The Pilgrim in Old England"

By Amory H. Bradford. *Fords, Howard & Hulbert.*

WHEN THE Pilgrim Fathers left the Old World for the New in order to plant seeds and try experiments on virgin soil, only a mere fraction of the believers in the separation of church and state had gone out of Old England. A vigorous body remained and still remains. The descendants of the Separatists of Queen Elizabeth's time still continue the battle against the alliance of politics and religion. After those in the subsidized or Established Church, they are the most numerous and active body of Christians as well as of free-churchmen in the United Kingdom. The American and the English Independents or Congregationalists have the same spiritual lineage, the same legacy of doctrine and tradition, the same memories of holy ancestors who dared to do and die for the faith as they understood it, and both are working for larger liberty and the incorporation of the life of Christ with the life of humanity.

This book, then, is a review, by an American, of the history, present condition and outlook of the Independent (Congregational) Churches in England. It contains "the Andover lectures on Congregationalism" by the well-known pastor of Montclair, N. J., who is also the associate-editor of *The Outlook* (*The Christian Union*). For eight or ten years past, Dr. Bradford has had his "summer parish" in London or some other part of England. His chapters have, in consequence, the warm glow that comes from intimate personal acquaintance with English men and homes. Under the titles "Life and Form," "Beginning and Growth," "Church and State," he reviews the history of the Church from the Apostles to King Charles and Queen Victoria. He sketches brilliantly its present state, and treats of creeds, doctrinal conditions and church membership. In chapter VII. he points out the most eloquent and able of the five thousand or so Congregational preachers of the present century in England. In "The Outlook" he gives an estimate of the future. His style is that of a living man thinking the thoughts of living men. Being in himself a good combination of the student, preacher, active pastor and journalist, he has the art of communicating thought quickly. In a word, here is a typical nineteenth-century book. It is a bird's-eye view of English Christianity outside the pale of the Establishment. It deals not with one sect only, but with the religion of Christ under British limitations, yet with British opportunities also. It is the best work yet written by an American in which all phases of Disestablishment are discussed. Americans reading it will find out also how provin-

cially far behind in theological knowledge and discipline they are, as compared with their English fellow-Christians. Churchmen, both of the free and the exclusive sort, have here the views of a broad-minded man, who, although intensely opposed to political or state-churchism, yet frankly and emphatically believes that Disestablishment will come rather as a result of spiritual life within than of any agitation without. With over one hundred and fifty churches in London and five thousand places of worship in the United Kingdom, thirteen colleges with forty professors, five hundred students preparing for the ministry, with vast missionary and benevolent enterprises in operation at home and in non-Christian lands, with some of the wealthiest and most intellectual congregations in Anglo-Saxondom, with able representatives in Parliament and literary organs like *The British Quarterly Review*, *The Evangelical Review* and *The Independent*, the free-churchmen form one of the mighty forces for the making of ultimate England. The book has a good index.

"The Country School in New England"

By Clifton Johnson. *D. Appleton & Co.*

THIS BOOK, written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson, will be equally interesting to New Englanders born and bred, and to readers elsewhere, as a graphic description of educational means and methods in the rural districts of a region distinctively unlike any other part of our country. The narrative is divided into four parts: 1. "Old-fashioned School Days, 1800-1825"; 2. "The Mid-Century Schools, 1840-1860"; 3. "The Country School of To-day"; 4. "How the Scholars Think and Write."

The first period is not beyond the memory of the oldest of us, and some of its peculiar ways lasted for five years or more of the second period in certain districts. Old fashions change more slowly in the backwoods of New Hampshire and Vermont than in Eastern Massachusetts, for instance, or in the part of the Connecticut Valley where the writer of this book appears to have made his observations and gathered up the traditions of the elders. We infer from the name of "Hadley" in one of the amusing "compositions" in the fourth chapter that the "Riverbend" of the history is that good old town. The "little red school-house at the parting of the roads," dating from this first period, is still to be seen in out-of-the-way corners even of Massachusetts, though the interior may have been fitted up with modern school furniture in place of the rude, unpainted benches and desks of the early years of the century. Then the master might be a farmer's son from a neighboring village who had spent a term at an "academy," and taught school in the winter to earn a little ready money, which he never got for his farm-work in the summer at home. He was paid, perhaps, from ten to twenty dollars a month for his services, out of which, however, he had to spend nothing for his living, as he "boarded round" among the parents of his pupils, staying at each house a number of days proportionate to the number of children sent to the school. This custom, as our author states, became obsolete in Massachusetts by the end of the first period; but that it survived twenty years later in some Vermont towns, if nowhere else, the reviewer can testify from experience in his college days. There, too, the boys took turns in making the fire in the morning and splitting the wood for it, as in earlier times; and the practice of "reading round" in the New Testament, two verses to each pupil, at the opening of school in the morning, still lingered, polysyllabic texts suffering badly in the mouths of small urchins prematurely grappling with them. The "New England Primer" of the first period, with its Biblical jingles about "Zaccheus he, Did climb the tree, His Lord to see," and the like, had passed away, and the excellent "readers" compiled by John Pierpont had come into use; but the text-books in other branches were poor compared with those of our day.

The teaching, the recitations, the punishments—the frequent use of the rod and ingenious forms of muscular torture that were worse, the examination days, the

games and sports at "recess" and in the holidays—everything connected with the school life of the earlier and later periods is minutely and graphically described, and illustrated by reproductions of photographs. Those of the earlier days are of course from drawings or groups arranged in imitation of the olden time. In one instance we note a palpable anachronism. No teacher between 1800 and 1825 wore a mustache as does the young man in the picture on page 17. The facsimiles of writing and drawing by pupils here and there in the book are very funny. The work is interesting and valuable as well as amusing.

"A History of Philosophy"

By Dr. W. Windelband. Authorized translation by James H. Tufts. Macmillan & Co.

THIS WORK is prepared on a different plan from most other histories of philosophy, the treatment of the subject proceeding in the main by topics, with much less regard than is usually paid to the lives and work of individual thinkers. This is not because the author underrates the importance of personality as a factor in the progress of thought, but because he wished to give special attention to the formation and development of philosophical problems and conceptions. Hence the lives of the philosophers are only rarely sketched, even in outline, while in the exposition of doctrines only here and there a prominent thinker is accorded a chapter to himself, the others being grouped together in their relation to some leading problem. Thus, in treating of the post-Aristotelian philosophy, Dr. Windelband first shows the position of the Stoics, Epicureans and others on moral questions, then their views on mechanism and teleology, and so on through the various topics that were then most largely discussed. This method of treatment has the disadvantage that it does not present the doctrine of each thinker, or even of each school, in a connected form. It is hardly suited to beginners in the subject, but to those who already know something of the history of philosophy, it has some advantages which readers of this book will appreciate. One consequence of the method is that more space than is usually given in such treatises is devoted to Greek philosophy—260 pages out of

640—because it was among the Greeks that most of the problems of philosophy were first formulated and, to a large extent, solved; but no one who duly appreciates the work of the Greek thinkers will consider the space accorded to them too large.

Dr. Windelband's division and characterization of the periods in the history of philosophy is different from any other, and is not in all respects to our liking; in particular, we do not see the propriety of calling the skeptical philosophy of the eighteenth century a philosophy of "enlightenment," nor do we see why Kant should be separated from the other skeptical writers to whom he is so closely related. Dr. Windelband is himself a Kantian, however, and naturally overrates his master. His treatment of other modern thinkers is colored somewhat by his own preferences. Thus, he undervalues the Scottish thinkers, and, indeed, shows an insufficient appreciation of the intuitive principle by whomsoever maintained; he underrates Butler, also, while overrating Shaftesbury, and we fail to find in his pages any reference to Clarke's theory of space and time. On the whole, however, he is very fair in his treatment of the various schools and nationalities, and eminently judicial in temper. In the division of the subject into topics, too, and in the relative importance assigned to each, the author is usually very happy, and it is only rarely that we are disposed to dissent from his interpretations. The expression is not always so clear as might be wished, and it is frequently necessary to read a paragraph twice in order to grasp its meaning fully; but, on the other hand, it has the merit of condensation, and often conveys a great deal of meaning in a few pregnant sentences. Whatever minor defects the work may have, they are far outweighed by its excellences. As a book of reference it will not supersede Ueberweg's history, but it is more readable and gives a much better view of the connection of philosophic thought from age to age, and of the logical relation of the various schools and thinkers to each other. There is no other work available in English which presents these aspects of the subject so well, and both English and American students who do not read German will thank Prof. Tufts for giving them the book in their own language.

The January Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly"

The *Atlantic* for January contains the opening chapters of Margaret Deland's new novel, "Philip and his Wife," two additional ones of Miss Murfree's "His Vanished Star," a clever story of a woman who has been married thrice, "The Only Rose," by Mrs. Jewett, and "Wolfe's Cove," a story of the taking of Quebec, by Mrs. Catherwood. Miss Edith M. Thomas contributes another "From Equinox to Solstice" study of nature, and Capt. A. T. Mahan adds a paper on "Admiral Earl Howe" to this excellent naval studies. Ten letters from Coleridge to Southey, hitherto unpublished, are of uncommon interest, as is Sir Edward Strachey's description of Camelot in another "Talk at a Country House." Prof. Shaler makes another plea for the colleges in his "Transmission of Learning through the University." There are two excellent poems, and the Contributors' Club chats pleasantly as ever.

"DOWN TO TOWER'D CAMELOT"

Sir Edward Strachey, the editor of the Globe Edition of the "Morte Darthur," thus describes Camelot:—

"Imagine to yourself a plain out of which rises a hill, two hundred feet high, of regular shape on the northern side; a slight slope up from the plain suddenly turns into a steep rampart of about fifty feet, so steep that we, like Camden, found it easier to run down it than walk. Gaining the top of this first rampart, you find yourself on a narrow edge, sloping steeply down to a ditch, a slope of perhaps ten feet; from the bottom of this ditch rises the second rampart, of about the same height as the first, which again ends in an edge sloping down to a second ditch, from which rises the third rampart, like the second, but not so high as the first and second, though as steep; this, too, has its ditch and from it rises the fourth and last rampart. The top of this one is embanked about ten feet above the nearly flat top of the hill. This is a space of some twenty acres, and at the eastern end enters the roadway leading up from the bottom to where I have said we first began to climb, the

roadway cutting through ditches and ramparts. This entrance was, no doubt, protected by the iron gates which still live in tradition. So the road enters the oval top of the hill at the eastern end. Opposite, at the western end, another road just like this one comes up from the bottom; a little to the north of this western gate the ground rises in a knoll, called Arthur's Castle, and is the highest part of the hill, being five hundred feet above the sea. It has steep sides, which seem partly the result of art, and partly natural.

"One could not help being struck by the simple earth walls and their primitive strength, and feeling how different must have been the people who lived here in rude strength from the gorgeous images of the Camelot of Malory. How entirely the life here must have differed from the mediæval surroundings from which he drew his color! And we could not help wondering who were the people who began to make a fortress out of the hill, and what were the names of those who had brought these earth mounds and ditches to such perfection of strength. Strange that the genius that planned and the energy that executed should have left only the work accomplished, and no record of those by whose might it was framed! Strange that a people so great, who could carve the everlasting hills into citadels, and whose mounds and ditches have survived 'the drums and trappings of three conquests,' should have left no name even in the histories of nations now dead!"

The character of Gen. Samuel Chapman Armstrong, the founder of the Hampton Institute, is pitifully summed up by his life-long friend, the Rev. J. H. Denison:—

"He had, too, another essential characteristic of every great constructive mind: he saw things in broad relations, he was loyal to his own principles, but he did not needlessly collide with other people; he made the wolf to lie down with the lamb, he combined the energies of the skeptic and of the believer. To some this seemed a want of genuineness on his part. The fact simply was that he saw and made for those broader unities in which all good

men stand together. This clear perception not only of wide unities, but of different fields of unity, is in fact the most important quality of the true upbuilder; for to build is really to coördinate. He had, too, that quality of getting along with things, that patience with existing conditions, so wittily described by Dr. Holmes in his 'Over the Teacups.' He was emphatically an 'As,' not an 'If.'"

"Harper's Monthly"

The first instalment of George Du Maurier's new serial, "Trilby," is the most interesting feature of *Harper's Monthly* for January. Brander Matthews contributes the second of his "Vignettes of Manhattan," Edwin Lord Weeks continues the narrative of his travels "From Ispahan to Kurrachee," Richard Harding Davis treats of "The West and East Ends of London," and W. St. Chad Boscawen of "Egypt and Chaldea in the Light of Recent Discoveries." "The Bread and Butter Question" and "The Mission of the Jews," the former by Junius Henri Browne, the latter printed anonymously, deal with phases of modern life; and Germain Pabst adds a new chapter to historical research in his "Captain Napoleon Bonaparte at Toulon." The Dutch, who seem to be having their day just now, are treated with the respect due them by William Elliot Griffis in "The Dutch Influence in New England." The illustrations are by George Du Maurier, Paul Grégoire, Edwin Lord Weeks, W. T. Smedley, C. S. Reinhart, Frederick Barnard, Frederic Remington and Rosina Emmet Sherwood, and the poems by Margaret Sangster and Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE DUTCH "DOWN EAST"

Dr. William Elliot Griffis sums up the influence of the Dutch in New England and their invasion of the early Yankee homes as follows:—

"It was Capt. John Smith—who, like all the military men in the early colonies—Gorges, Dudley, Miles Standish, Lyon Gardiner, Leisler, Argall, Wingfield, Raleigh, had served in the Dutch armies—who first pointed out the gold mines in the ocean. Smith, who had first discovered and named both Plymouth and New England, prophesied that their main staple of wealth would be fish. So it proved. For over a century a golden codfish has hung in the legislative halls of Massachusetts as the symbol of her wealth drawn from the sea. It was Smith's prophecy that has gilded the flashing dome on Beacon Hill. He saw how the Dutch had 'built Amsterdam on herring-bones,' had become the best fed, clothed, housed and educated people in Europe, and handled easily the Spaniard on land and sea because of their skill in boats, hooks, and nets. 'Never would Spaniard pay his debts, his friends, and his army half so truly as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade in fish.' The Dutch had not only taught the British the science of hunting in the deeps, how to catch whales and herring, but also how to cure food-fish, and to transmute the poorer sorts into manure for agriculture. The immigrants to America were quick to imitate, and also to improve. * * *

"Even in Connecticut was the skill of the Knickerbockers admired. A new invention or improvement was said to 'beat the Dutch.' The Delft tiles on the hearth, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses, show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only 'proverbs in porcelain,' but abundant Biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics, nearly as much of the imported fine furniture in the northern colonies came from Holland as from England."

THE STRUGGLE OF THE PROFESSIONS

Mr. Browne's article on New York's wealth and poverty, especially in their relation to the struggle by professional men for the comforts of life, is very timely:—

"After all the babble about the enormous wealth of the metropolis, there are not, by a very liberal estimate, more than five hundred millionaires proper within its entire boundaries. And while the capitalists may be enumerated by the thousands, there are tens and tens of thousands of educated men and women who are pitifully paid. * * * Law is remarkably uncertain. Hundreds of young men study it who are never admitted to the bar; and of hundreds admitted, not more than one-tenth of them practise. Of those who practise a large majority get so very scant a livelihood that they are continually driven to other occupations to make both ends meet. New York is to-day full of half-starving lawyers, while the air is ringing with a score of names coupled with munificent incomes. * * *

"Every block up-town seems to contain one doctor at least. There is in the aggregate such a number of doctors as to indicate that the city is the seat of pestilence, when, in fact, it is remarkably

healthful. The explanation is that many of the doctors have no regular patients, and are compelled to lean on patients they may pick up. A few of high repute, who attend millionaires professionally, are flourishing; but their medical brothers generally are the opposite of pecunious. The smallest income that a New-Yorker, with a New York family, as prescribed—a wife and two children—can support himself on decently is put at \$5000. * * * Physicians in that city generally do not earn \$1500 a year, and in the country frequently not more than \$500 to \$600. What hope have they of rising above the bread-and-butter question?

"Manhattan is regarded as the paradise of preachers, because a dozen or more pastors of fashionable churches have salaries ranging from \$10,000 to \$15,000. But most of the pulpits there are filled by men whose pay is such that they are obliged to practise rigid economy to keep out of debt. * * * Theology, indeed, is now accounted one of the callings that have, in most cases, ceased to be remunerative. It does not respond to the great practical question of the day.

"Touching journalism and literature, they are precarious everywhere. New York is the sole city in America where a man in the field of true literature may live by his pen; and then and there he must not be squeamish as respects his living. The prices for newspaper work, and more careful and serious work, have risen materially in the last fifteen or twenty years, and still tend upward. But the supply of manuscripts, owing to the rapid increase of writers, distinctively of women, has long been in such excess of the demand as to depress still further the inky trade."

AS TO AMERICANISMS

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner thus answers a recent attempt at humorous play with "Americanisms" by Mr. Andrew Lang:—

"In this era of truce on the waters, when the navies of the world meet only for competitive reviews, why should that virile adjunct of the sea power of Great Britain, who fires his salutes and throws his Greek Fire 'At the Sign of the Ship' in *Longman's Magazine*, stir up non-combatants by attempting to use 'Americanisms'? Mr. Andrew Lang is justly admired for his good English. Doubtless he could use 'Britishisms' if he chose, but he almost never does. Why, therefore, should he attempt the unfamiliar and more difficult 'Americanisms'? And yet he wrote recently, speaking of what our Congress in 1778 called 'the language of the United States,' as follows, to wit: 'But must our statesmen address the President, say, "in the language of the United States"? They would irritate him a good deal if they called him "old hoss," and asked him if "he felt like brandy and water," or told him that he had the "inner tracks" about the seals.' No, we should not advise the English statesmen to use that language to the President of the United States, however it might relieve their feelings for the moment to drop into slang, not because it would irritate the President, but because such a discourtesy would injure the reputation of the statesmen. Nor should we advise an American statesman to attempt a 'Britishism,' and address the Queen of Great Britain and the Empress of India as 'The Widow,' and say to her, 'I "expect" you look "seedy."'" If an English statesman, instructed in American ways and courtesies 'At the Sign of the Ship,' called the President 'old hoss,' he might be understood, although he would not be respected; but if he told him that he 'had the "inner tracks" about the seals,' he would be neither understood nor respected. To use the word 'track' about the seals might be misleading as to the nature of that animal. But if the statesman, in a spirit of concession to a foreign tongue, told the President that 'he had the "inside track" about the seals,' this diplomatic jocularity would doubtless be forgiven, and not be made the subject of international correspondence. And the statesman would owe his safety from ridicule to the fact that he had not learned his 'Americanisms' at 'the Sign of the Ship.'"

"The Century Magazine"

The January *Century* opens with the second paper in the series of Old Dutch Masters, Frans Hals being the subject. Mr. Cole has reproduced several of the great portraitist's famous paintings and described them. Among the contents are also an essay on "The Function of the Poet" by James Russell Lowell, a sketch of Andrew Lang by Brander Matthews, some reminiscences of George Sand, with portrait and letters, by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), an article on Schumann by Edward Grieg, and on Indian Songs by Alice C. Fletcher, stories by H. S. Edwards, Kate Chopin and Charles Belmont Davis, the continuation of Mark Twain's "Pudd'n-head Wilson," a song by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and poems by Edith M. Thomas and a dozen others. There is an article on moose hunting by Madison Grant, tales of adventure and travel by Gustav Kobbé and Thomas Moran, with illustrations, discussions of public questions by ex-Pres. Harrison, ex-Sen. Dawes, C. S. Thomas, and an editorial on the new popular movement for the

abolition of the Spoils System. Sir James Simpson's "Introduction of Chloroform" in 1847 is described by his daughter.

NATIONAL MILITARY INSTRUCTION

Ex-Pres. Harrison advocates a system of military drilling in our schools and colleges in an open letter appended to the Resolutions adopted by Lafayette Post, N. Y., G. A. R., on Aug. 4, 1893, which are reprinted with the letter:—

"Athletic sports have their due, perhaps undue, attention in most of the colleges and high schools; but in the graded schools, within my observation, exercise is casual and undirected. None of these exercises or sports is, however, a substitute for military drill; and some of them create a new need for it. A good oarsman need not be erect or graceful; a good arm and plenty of wind meet his needs. The champion "cyclist" is not apt to have square shoulders. The foot-ball captain is so padded that a safe judgment can hardly be formed as to his natural "lines"; but a good leg and momentum seem to me—a non-expert—to be his distinctive marks. In base-ball the pitcher seems, to an occasional observer, to have parted with all his natural grace to endow the curved ball.

"A military drill develops the whole man, head, chest, arms, and legs, proportionately; and so promotes symmetry, and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot; qualifies men to step and act in unison; teaches subordination; and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country. The flag now generally floats above the school-house; and what more appropriate than that the boys should be instructed in the defense of it? It will not lower their grade-marks in their book recitations, I am sure. If rightly used it will wake them up, make them more healthy, develop their pride, and promote school order. In the Centennial parades in New York, in April, 1889, the best marching that I saw was that of some of your school children. The alignment of the company front was better than that of the regulars or of the Seventh Regiment."

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP"

Mr. Lang has found an appreciative and sympathetic portraitist in Mr. Matthews, who has taken evident delight in penning this sketch of a most delightful brother critic:—

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ANDREW LANG AT HIS DESK

"The equipment of a critic Mr. Lang has, and the insight, and also the sympathy, without which the two other needful qualities lose half their value. There are limits to his sympathy, and he tells us that he does 'not care for Mr. Gibbon except in his autobiography, nor for the elegant plays of M. Racine, nor very much for Mr. William Wordsworth, though his genius is undeniable'; but the range of his knowledge and of his understanding seems to me wider than that of any other contemporary British critic. He is unfailing in affection for Homer, Herodotus, Theocritus and Lucian, for Virgil and Horace, for Rabelais, Molière and Dumas, for Shakespeare, Fielding, Miss Austen and Thackeray, for Scott and Burns. He delights in the skittish writings of the lively lady who calls herself 'Gyp,' while for the psychologic subtleties of M. Paul Bourget he cares as little as does 'Gyp' herself. He was prompt in praise of the author of 'King Solomon's Mines'; in fact, Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder, and sudden death have found no warmer eulogist than the author of 'Ballades in Blue China.'

"Mr. Lang is a romanticist to the bitter end. Broad as his sympathy is, it is not broad enough to comprehend realism. He is restive when realism is lauded. Unconsciously, no doubt, he resents it a little, and he does not quite understand it. Mr. Lang can enjoy Rabelais, and praise him for the qualities which make

him great in spite of his wilful foulness; but in M. Zola Mr. Lang sees little to commend. Quite the most perfunctory essay of Mr. Lang's that I ever read was one on the author of 'L'Assommoir,' which did but scant justice to the puissant laborer who is toiling unceasingly on the massive edifice of the 'Rougon-Macquart' series, as mightily planned and solid in structure as a mediæval cathedral, and, like it, disfigured and defiled by needless and frequent indecencies.

"Tolerant toward most literary developments, Mr. Lang is a little intolerant toward the analysts. Amiel delights him not, nor Marie Bashkirtseff either; and it irks him to hear Ibsen praised, or Tolstoi, though the pitiful figure of Anna Karénina lingers in his memory. And as for Mr. Howells, it is hard to say whether it is as novelist or critic that he irritates Mr. Lang more. Mr. Howells once spoke of the critical essaylets which issued monthly from the 'Editor's Study' as 'arrows shot into the air in the hope that they will come down somewhere and hurt somebody.' Enough of them have hit Mr. Lang to make him look like St. Sebastian, if only he had not plucked them out swiftly, one by one, and sent them hurtling back across the Atlantic. Fortunately, the injuries were not fatal on either side of the water, and there was no poison on the tips of the weapons to rankle in the wounds. Sensitive as most British writers are to the darts of transatlantic criticism, it has seemed to me sometimes that Mr. Lang is even tenderer of skin than are most of his fellow-sufferers."

THE NEED OF POETRY

The following, taken from Lowell's "The Function of the Poet," gives renewed proof of the depth of his insight, the catholicity of his sympathies:—

"It is impossible for men to live in the world without poetry of some sort or other. If they cannot get the best they will get some substitute for it, and thus seem to verify Saint Augustine's slur that it is wine of devils. The mind bound down too closely to what is practical either becomes inert, or revenges itself by rushing into the savage wilderness of 'isms.' The insincerity of our civilization has disgusted some persons so much that they have sought refuge in Indian wigwams and found refreshment in taking a scalp now and then. Nature insists above all things upon balance. She contrives to maintain a harmony between the material and spiritual, nor allows the cerebrum an expansion at the cost of the cerebellum. If the character, for example, run on one side into religious enthusiasm, it is not unlikely to develop on the other a counterpoise of worldly prudence. Thus the Shaker and the Moravian are noted for thrift, and mystics are not always the worst managers. Through all changes of condition and experience man continues to be a citizen of the world of idea as well as the world of fact, and the tax-gatherers of both are punctual.

"There is as much poetry as ever in the world if we only knew how to find it out; and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune, who is stripped of material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain-farm of imagination, which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him."

"NOW FOR FREE ART"

This editorial appeal in the January *Century* is well worth re-printing:—

"This is the moment when every art institution and association in the country, every enlightened journal, and every person who appreciates and loves art, should urge Congress, through the nearest congressman, to strike from our tariff laws the barbarity of a tax upon the introduction of art into America. That the newest of the great nations, the one least equipped artistically, the one most needing the examples and culture of art in its homes, schools and manufactures, should be the one to stand at the ports of entry with a club in its hand to beat back the very thing we most require, is a reproach to American intelligence and a disgrace to our legislators. The lesson of the World's Fair will have been in great part lost unless it teaches our lawmakers the necessity of removing a tax which is an ignorant and brutal clog upon national progress."

"Scribner's Magazine"

The January *Scribner's* is rich in art features, the first one of which is an engraving, by F. A. Pettit, of Edouard Manet's "The Fifer." Philip Gilbert Hamerton has written a study of the artist and his work, which is accompanied by Manet's portrait. Frederick Keppel contributes an article on "Sir Joshua Reynolds," with numerous illustrations, and Theodore A. Cook writes of "Stories

in Stone from Notre Dame." Mr. Crawford concludes his sketch of Constantinople, A. L. Lewis treats of "The Place of the Exodus in the History of Egypt," and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop tells the story of "Webster's Reply to Hayne and his General Methods of Preparation." There are poems by W. G. van Tassel Sutphen, Bliss Perry, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Solomon Solis-Cohen and Sarah King Wiley. George W. Cable begins his new novel, "John March, Southerner," Theodore Andrea Cook contributes a short story, and John Drew speaks of "The Actor" in the sixth article on "Men's Occupations."

THE EXODUS IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY

Mr. A. L. Lewis writes learnedly on the Exodus and the absence of all mention of that great event in the inscriptions and papyri of Egypt. He says:—

"A little reflection will show us that this silence is not so surprising as it at first appears. To the Israelites their exodus from Egypt was the beginning of their existence as an independent nation, an event to be commemorated and remembered in every detail, perhaps occasionally exaggerated; and we, who have derived our first impressions of it from their accounts, have assumed that it must have been equally important to the Egyptians, to whom in reality it was but one of a long series of struggles with more or less barbaric intruders. The relative importance accorded in the histories of England and of the United States to the American war of independence may serve as an explanation of the absence of any Egyptian account of the birth of the Hebrew nation.

"The natural result of this condition of things is that at least half a dozen different kings have been fixed upon by as many different authors as the Pharaoh of the exodus.

"Much has also been said of late about the discovery at Pithom of bricks made without straw and stamped with the name of Ramesses the Second. * * * It does not appear that bricks without straw were accepted from the Israelites, but that they had to go into the fields to root up the long stubble left in reaping with the flint-edged sickle of the period, instead of having straw supplied to them, and that this was the extra labor laid upon them. Those who seek support for their views from the strawless bricks are, therefore, themselves making bricks with very little straw in them.

"But it may occur to some of my readers that while the Hebrew writers only mention one oppressor, succeeded immediately by the Pharaoh of the exodus, I have produced a line of five oppressors; * * * although the Bible only mentions two kings, it does not say that there were no others."

WEBSTER'S ELOQUENCE

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House in the days of Daniel Webster, gives the following glimpse at the great orator's "General Methods of Preparation":—

"On January 27, 1848, Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States on the Rhode Island government—a case arising out of what has been known as the Dorr Rebellion. It happened that Mr. Justice McLean dined with me on the day after this argument, and in the course of conversation he said to me:—'Winthrop, your great friend Webster made one of his grandest efforts yesterday. I have never heard him when he was more powerful.' 'I am delighted to hear it,' I replied, 'but I do not quite understand it; for when I saw him the very day before, he had just arrived at Gadsby's Hotel, and seemed wearied and worried, and was evidently in very bad spirits about the argument he was to make the next day.'

"A day or two afterward I took pains to see Webster again and tell him what McLean had said, and I then added, 'Do tell me the mystery of such a triumph under such discouragements.' 'Oh, sit down here,' said Webster, 'and I will tell you all about it. You remember that you called to see me just after I had arrived from Boston. * * * I had been up to the Supreme Court, and had found, to my consternation, that the Rhode Island case was in progress, and indeed that the counsel to whom I was to reply was just finishing his argument. Fortunately, * * * I succeeded in getting their Honors, out of regard to my detention by a storm on the road, to adjourn at once, and leave me to begin my reply the next day. Well, on coming back to the hotel here, some pleasant gentlemen persuaded me to dine with them and kept me a good while at the table. When I escaped from them you called, and as you went away Choate came in. * * * And when Choate left me I was tired out and went at once to bed.' 'But all this does not explain the great speech which you made on the next morning.' 'No, but before I went to sleep I ordered the servant to have a fire kindled in my parlor at two o'clock in the morning, and candles lighted on my table. Before half-past two I was at work, and before breakfast I was ready for anybody!'

"That was the preparation for one of Webster's great arguments in the Supreme Court."

"The North American Review"

The Hon. William L. Wilson, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, opens the January *North American* with an article on "Income Tax on Corporations," and Ex-Speaker Reed follows him with a discussion of "Tariff and Business." "Are the Silver States Ruined?" by the Governor of Colorado, and "How to Prevent a Money Famine" by the Comptroller of the Currency, deal with allied subjects. "The Hawaiian Question" and "Republicanism in Brazil" may be read in connection with Rear-Admiral Ammen's "Is the Value of our Fast Cruisers Overestimated?" Prof. Abram S. Isaacs contributes "The Glorification of the Jew," Lady Jeune speaks of "Dinners and Dinners," and—the opera after dinner, of course—Anton Seidl explains "Wagner's Influence on Present-Day Composers." "The Sunday-School and Modern Biblical Criticism," by the Rev. C. A. Briggs, "After-Thoughts of a Story-Teller," by Geo. W. Cable, and "Intercollegiate Football" complete the list of contents.

METHOD IN FICTION

Mr. Cable speculates on the art of letters, and on the inception and growth of his own books, in "After-Thoughts of a Story-Teller." Of method he speaks as follows:—

"The first impulse toward the production of a novel—does it have to be inspiration? I think not. If it be inspiration—whatever that is—it is more apt to be an inspiration of the will than of the constructive imagination. The word of the muse may come unto me saying, Write; but it will probably never say more until I sit down in the spirit of a toiler, saying, What shall I write? I know one writer who even for a short story has sat for weeks in feline patience and tension at the mouse-hole of his constructive powers, knowing only that the inspiration was in there and had got to come out. Inspiration does sometimes come with almost inexplicable spontaneity; but if it does not come with hard hammering of the brain, it comes after it; never before, so far as this writer knows.

"Models are good; notebooks are advantageous. I only say, out of my not too extensive experience, that the model within the author, and it only, is indispensable. As for notebooks, 'Bonaventure' is my only fiction in which a well-filled notebook proved of any direct service. Some artists make sketches and then tear them up. What they cannot thereafter forget is all they need to remember. I fancy this is the only way I shall ever again be able to make a notebook useful. It is not sight the story-teller needs, but second sight. We do not need to have seen everything in order to feel it, but we do need to feel whatever we would have a reader see."

OPERA AND DRAMA

Mr. Seidl writes of Wagner's influence, and of the Great American Opera, which we treasure in our hearts with the Great American Novel, as fond hopes to be realized in the fulness of time. He advises composers to acquire the art of writing their own librettos:—

"For it should be borne in mind that Wagner's literary ability was of the highest quality; it was in perfect harmony with the spirit of his music. Dr. Foerster, formerly director of the German Theatre in Berlin, and later of the Court Theatre in Vienna, once expressed his belief to me that if the 'Meistersinger' were produced as a play, by first-class artists and under favorable surroundings, it would make a great success. In this connection I recall a remark made to me by Wagner himself on the occasion of the first performance of 'Rheingold' in Berlin, which I conducted. On the program he called it a 'comic play with music,' and the cast was truly ideal, made up as it was by great singers who were also great actors: Scoria, the basso, of Vienna; Schelper, the baritone, of Leipzig; Lieban, the comic tenor, of Berlin; and Vogel, the heroic tenor, of Munich. At the close of the opera, Wagner, who might be supposed to think chiefly of the music and of the orchestration, said to me: 'I have never seen it acted so well.' I quote this simply to illustrate the great stress he put upon the dramatic side of grand opera. He appreciated the advantages of a composer's being able to unite in himself the two gifts of writing both book and music, for he used to say that only the composer himself knew just what he wanted to express, meaning, of course, that if he undertook to give musical color, so to speak, to the ideas of others, he would be greatly handicapped.

"All composers at the present time realize that there is much truth in this belief, but few or none of them possesses the slightest literary ability. Their talent tends to isolate them from all other kinds of creative work. This fact is due partly to their education, which is special, perhaps in a sense narrow. It would be well if all musicians, before beginning their careers, could have a thorough, a well-rounded education."

"The Forum"

The January number of *The Forum* contains fifteen papers of present interest. They are "The Teaching of Economic Experiences," by David A. Wells, "Principle and Method of the Tariff Bill," by the Hon. W. L. Wilson, "Summer," by Senator George F. Hoar, "Has Immigration Dried Up our Literature?" by Sydney G. Fisher, "The Decline of the American Pulpit," in which the Rev. G. Munroe Royce demonstrates that the level of culture and intellectual power in the Protestant pulpit in America has declined in this generation; "The New Sectionalism—A Warning," by Prof. L. M. Keasby, apropos of the recent silver conflict, in which he points to the growing division between East and West; "Are Morals Improving or Deteriorating?" by Daniel G. Thompson, "Directions and Volume of our Literary Activities," by the Librarian of Congress, "British Investors and our Currency Legislation," by W. Wetherell of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "Results of the Copyright Law," by George Haven Putnam, "A Christmas Reminder," by J. A. Rils, which is an explanation of the work of the Children's Aid Society, and "Are Foot-Ball Games Educative or Brutalizing?" a discussion by Dr. B. St. J. Roosa and the Presidents of Cornell University, the University of Michigan and Lafayette College.

AMERICAN IGNORANCE OF ECONOMICS

Mr. Wells has summed up the almost incalculable loss caused by the recent financial panic, and thus analyzes its causes:—

"If these same people [the people of the United States] had been educated up to a fair understanding of the origin, nature and function of money—information that every American boy ought thoroughly to acquire before entering upon manhood—there would never have been any essential differences of opinion as to what legislation was necessary or expedient to protect the interests of the people of the United States from any evil resulting from the great depreciation in one of the world's great monetary metals.

"But the people have not been so educated; and, by reason of such default, the most appalling ignorance prevails in respect to the above and all other economic subjects; and not only among the masses, but among many who are filling important stations as legislators, editors and educational directors and teachers.

"Now, if the above diagnosis of what may be termed the economic situation of the United States is correct, and the situation is antagonistic alike to national and individual prosperity, the remedy for it can be found only in better popular education; obtained either through the slow school of experience, at which the nation, paying exorbitantly high tuition, has long been in attendance; or through the institution, by the agency of the presidents and professors in our colleges and the teachers in our higher schools, of more intelligent and less expensive educational methods. In other words, instruction in the fundamental and generally accepted principles of political economy should be advanced to a higher position than it now holds in our educational system; and their study, regarded as an essential for good citizenship, should be made imperative (attractive also, as it can be) on all students above a certain age and of fair mental capacity."

NATIONAL LITERATURE AND THE ALIEN

The sterilizing influence of the mixing of races has resulted in our country, according to Mr. Sydney G. Fisher, in the drying up of our literary genius:—

"There is no doubt that at one time literature of genius was produced in this country, nearly all of it in one State, Massachusetts; and that the men who produced it—now all dead but one—have left no successors. Holmes is now the sole survivor.

"How does it happen that our literature is a mere isolated patch? Why were we able to produce men of genius during the forty-five years from 1780 to 1825, and none before and none since? Why also did most of them appear in one State?

"Literature of genius is not the expression of the man who writes it. It is the expression of the deep, united feeling of his people. The great schools of art, literature, philosophy and thought appear to have been national schools, the work of united and homogeneous peoples. The two nations of antiquity to which we owe most are the Jews and the Greeks. Our noblest inspirations in religion, morals, philosophy, literature, art and government come from them, and they were of all peoples the most thoroughly homogeneous.

"The only real literature we have ever had in the United States arose during the period when the native feeling and homogeneousness of the country was strongest; and the greater part of that literature was developed in Massachusetts, where the people had been most united and homogeneous for the greatest length of time. Modern immigration began in the early part of the present century,

and it was not until 1820 that it had become important enough for the Government to feel the necessity of taking statistics of it.

"Those great men, like all who have risen to high literary distinction, were of the original, native stock of the land. * * * One of the most characteristic features of the native period of American literature was the early age at which the writers matured and produced their works. * * * But of their successors it may be said that they labor and struggle through youth and early manhood, and in middle age bring forth a mouse. * * * Bayard Taylor shows one phase of the change. * * * He contained within himself the end of nativism and the beginning of alienism, and marked the turn.

"That turn is now deeply set and has been running for half a century, until Massachusetts, once the home of a pure native stock, has more than fifty per cent. of her population foreign. * * * Her homogeneity and her literature are destroyed."

"Lippincott's"

"The Colonel," by Harry Willard French, is the complete novel in the January *Lippincott's*, which contains also the first three chapters of Gilbert Parker's "The Trespasser," a tale of a Canadian of high family, who comes from a wandering life to take his rightful place in England. Molly Elliot Seawell and George Morley contribute short stories, Mrs. Sherwood records her "Recollections" of Rachel, Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman, Julian Hawthorne writes in memory of Daniel L. Dawson, Thomas Chalmers has something of interest to say on the Christian Endeavor era, and James Knapp Reeve gives much information about "The Peninsula of Lower California."

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

In her article on Rachel, Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Sherwood pays this tribute to the memory of the American actress:—

"Charlotte Cushman is a delightful memory. After her return from Rome, she and her friend Miss Stebbins lived in New York and formed a part of our society. I saw her in these sad farewells, her last Queen Catherine, which she played when almost stricken with death. Glad were we all to hear that the exercise of her talents gave this gifted creature relief amid the inextinguishable torture of a fatal malady.

"I remembered her as playing with Macready in Boston, in my school-days, when I also faintly remember seeing Fanny Elssler dance.

"And as Meg Merrilies, Charlotte Cushman rose to the Siddonian height of the dramatic art. She was the thing she personated. Her good and noble and self-sacrificing life, her admirable temper, her patience, and her pluck, place this woman among the heroines of the stage, an ornament to the American name.

"Once, looking out of the windows of my country house, I heard the bark of a dog, and remembered that our watchful Newfoundland always barked at strangers. I essayed to stop him, but I heard a deep-toned musical voice, one that had held audiences fascinated by its melody, say:—

"Down, big dog! I do not wish to harm ye." And for the first time in his mortal existence Sausage, the Newfoundland, was silenced, quelled, and discomfited. It was Miss Cushman."

"THE COMING OF NIGHT"

This poem by Celia A. Hayward brings a promise of gentle summer nights to come again:—

"The loitering Day looked backward, smiling,
And slipped out through the west,
Where rosy, misty forms beguiling
Besought her for their guest:
'Oh, follow, follow through the west!

"Our golden portals wide are swinging
For thee alone, for thee,
And wistful voices clear are ringing
Across the darkling sea,
In eager welcoming to thee."

"Aloft her silver censer holding,
The star-eyed night drew close,
Her mantle round the hushed earth folding,
More sweetly breathed the rose,
As night with tender tears drew close,

"Her dusky sandals softly gleaming
With wandering threads of gold,
Brothered by vagrant fireflies, seeming
Beneath each wing to hold
A fairy spinning threads of gold."

"With silent footfall, weaving slowly
A mystic, slumb'rous spell,
She came; and something sweet and holy
The weary earth befell,
When woven in the slumb'rous spell."

"The New England Magazine"

The New England Magazine, which has more of general interest than its name implies, prints several articles in its January number which our readers will find to their taste. One is Edward

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onymous. "Nimport," published in the Wayside Series, was his first book of consequence.

"To the great body of people interested in literature and history in America, the memory of Mr. Bynner is that of a singularly attractive writer, who holds a light and easy pen, is perfectly informed in the history of New England, and has a gift which hardly anyone else has had for reproducing the 'broken lights' of the picture, working in, with his insight, details forgotten by most writers; in a word, making real the past. He does this so cheerfully, he takes you into his sympathies so entirely, that you read on and on with



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN KIMBALL.

Edwin L. Bynner.

Everett Hale's sketch of the late Edwin Lassetter Bynner, whose "The Begum's Daughter" and "Agnes Surriage" won for him a wide reading. In another, J. W. Fewkes describes the Graf collection of Greek portraits now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, with many illustrations of these strange and interesting works of art, and a third one is on Matthew Arnold, by Joseph Henry Crooker.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER

Dr. Hale's paper on Mr. Bynner is sympathetic and discriminating. Mr. Bynner's first appearance as a successful author was an-

delight, and close the book wishing there were more. Perhaps the expression always made, when one spoke of his books, was that they were only too short.

"Such is the memory of him, or the feeling about him, which most men and women would express. But those who knew him personally run back to quite a different set of memories. He was the most friendly of friends, the most affectionate of your fellow-workers. He forgot himself and his worries, and even his pains, in his determination to render you any service which was possible. You cannot think of him as a person surrounded by care, though he often was; you remember him as one who was always cheerful

and helpful. He enjoyed life because he made other people enjoy it. When one speaks of his literary career and of the subjects which he chose, one is invariably reminded of Hawthorne; but of the cynical or morose habit of Hawthorne, the habit which showed that he descended from the sheriff who hanged the witches, and that the memory of that descent poisoned all his thought, Bynner had absolutely none. You would have said he was always light-hearted and gay, if you had not at times known him discuss the most serious thought profoundly. He was determined to make other people happy, and in this determination he succeeded, as those do who forget themselves."

"The Cosmopolitan"

New Yorkers will be delighted with Mr. Howells's "Altruria" paper in this month's *Cosmopolitan*, for it deals with Central Park and the neighborhood round about that picturesque region. Mr. Howells is living on the borders of the Park now. He knows its nooks and corners, its lakes and bridges and its fringe of towering apartment houses as well as he knew the older and, save the Park, more picturesque region around Washington Square which he describes in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." His article will interest the most unliterary reader. T. C. Crawford's "A Revival of Pantomime" is apropos of the recent performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" in this city. Mrs. Charlotte Fiske Bates furnishes some reminiscences of Whittier which are accompanied by early portraits, in all of which are plainly seen the characteristics of the face with which we are so familiar. A heretofore unpublished poem of Whittier's in facsimile of his autograph is given as a frontispiece. The reasons why it did not appear in any collection of Mr. Whittier's poems are obvious. Mr. E. W. Bok is a contributor to this number, appearing for the first time, unless we mistake, as a writer for the columns of another magazine than his own. He writes of "The Young Man in Business" and gives some excellent rules for success, one of which is "sleep eight hours every night." We wonder who wouldn't if he could!

THE UGLINESS OF NEW YORK

When he wrote this paper (which, by the way, is capitally illustrated), Mr. Howells had just returned from the "White City" and he found the metropolis uglier than ever:—

"It is like the ugliness of some great unwieldy monster, which looks so helpless and so appealing, that you cannot quite abhor it, but experience a sort of compassion for its unloveliness. I had thought of it in that way at a distance, but when I came to see it again, I found that, even in this aspect, it was hard to bear. So I came up from the station to this hotel where I am now lodged, and where my windows overlook the long reaches of the beautiful Central Park at such a height that unless I drop my glance, none of the shapeless bulks of the city intrude themselves between me and the effect of a vast forest."

"But for me the best thing about my hotel is that I can leave it when I will and descend to the level of the street below, where I can at once lose myself in woods as sweet and friendly as our groves at home, and wander through their aisles unmolested by the crowds that make them their resort so harmlessly that, even the sylvan life there is unafraid. This morning, as I sat on a bench in one of the most frequented walks, I could almost have touched the sparrows on the sprays about me; a squirrel foraging for nuts, climbed on my knees, as if to explore my pockets. Of course, there is a policeman at every turn to see that no wrong is done these pretty creatures, and that no sort of trespass is committed by any in the domain of all; but I like to think that the security and immunity of the Park is proof of something besides the vigilance of its guardians; that it is a hint of a growing sense in the Americans that what is common is the personal charge of everyone in the community."

"McClure's Magazine"

A portrait of the late Francis Parkman forms the frontispiece of the January *McClure's*, and in the "Human Documents" department are other pictures of the historian, and series of Rider Haggard's and Charcot's portraits. There are, further, portraits of the late Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Huxley, the Duke of Argyll, Samuel Smiles, Prof. Max Müller and Jules Verne, with an autobiographical sketch of the latter. There is also a biographical and critical study of Parkman. Charlotte Fiske Bates writes sympathetically of Whittier, and "The Edge of the Future" is a series of predictions contributed by twenty-eight men prominent in science, politics, art and religion, among them being Bismarck, Archd. Farrar, Archbishop Ireland, Dr. John Hall, Prof. Huxley, Pope Leo XIII., Alphonse Daudet, Paul Verlaine, Louis Pasteur, Prof. C. A. Briggs, Julia Ward Howe, and others. Prof. Tyndall, W. D. Howells, Max

O'Rell, Alexandre Dumas and Charles A. Dana are likewise among the contributors to this number.

HOW PARKMAN WROTE HISTORY

Julius H. Ward gives this sketch of Prof. Parkman's literary method:—

"All the manuscript documents for one book were read slowly to him, and gone over from beginning to end. He had the manuscripts read to him first for the leading points, and then he went over them again for the details of the story. At these readings he made, first, essential notes, and then, non-essential. The further notes were references to essential passages in the different volumes, and when he was ready to dictate he held these notes in hand, and carefully studied the subject until he felt the imagination quickening as if he were one of the actors in the story. The narrative became as real as life. He held the materials in his grasp until they caught fire from himself. It was a slow, laborious pro-



From McClure's Magazine

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FRANCIS PARKMAN'S HOUSE AT JAMAICA PLAIN

cess by which the story grew, but the concentration of the pent-up forces upon the work was such that it became a part of his life. As he used to say, the Indian wars ran in his head, and in sleepless hours the work was like food to his strong and clear mind. Parkman could never explain his method. He had immense bodies of materials to deal with, and he wrought them into clear and consecutive stories, and then dictated them as an artist paints a picture, putting in color and character wherever they were required. Very little was done without suffering, but beyond hints in his prefaces, the story of the way in which these narratives were prepared is not told. The truth is, that for nearly fifty years he toiled day after day, amid limitations so severe that work seemed almost impossible, waiting for moments of health as his greatest blessing, glad to do a little, and always thankful when he could do more."

WHITTIER'S KINDLINESS

Two of Whittier's lovable characteristics are referred to in Charlotte Fiske Bates's "Glimpses of Whittier's Faith and Character":—

"Mr. Whittier loved the sights and sounds of nature with the ardor of Wordsworth; and there is a charming touch of the human in the way he clings to them:—'I am very thankful that I can almost forget age and infirmity in the contemplation of these lovely dawns and sunsets, and these still, warm, pictureful noons. Shall we have them or their like in the new life? If not, I, for one, must miss them sadly. But His will be done.'"

"Again, in a June letter of this year:—'It seems to me the world was never so beautiful as now, when I am about to leave it. But, no doubt, the infinite possibilities of the future life will more than compensate for the loss of this.'"

"Whittier, like Longfellow, was very generous in his valuation of contemporaries, and praised them without the thieving help of *ifs* and *buts*. On one occasion, a tributary paper to Longfellow appearing on his birthday, and Whittier through some mischance not having been apprised of its preparation, he wrote:—'It would have given me great pleasure to take part in it: he [Longfellow] has no warmer admirer than myself.'"

"In reference to Holmes:—'He deserves all honor; and, besides, is a dear old personal friend.' And again, in a paragraph of another letter, he rejoices in the honors bestowed on Dr. Holmes while abroad."

"The Popular Science Monthly"

This magazine continues from month to month the even tenor of its way, fulfilling its mission of making science attractive and popular. The January number opens, with an article on "The Ethics of Tribal Society," by Prof. E. P. Evans, the first of a series on the subject. Dr. R. W. Shufeldt corrects several wrong opinions regarding "Night Hawks and Whip-Poor-Will," G. W. Littlehales furnishes an account of "How the Sea is Sounded," and F. G. Carpenter describes the United States Life-saving Service in "Uncle Sam's Life-Savers." In "Recent Railroad Disasters," Lafayette C. Loomis makes some comparisons between the precautions taken on ocean steamers and those on express trains, and St. George Mivart declares that he has found in the recent Romanes lectures evidence of "Evolution in Prof. Huxley." "Invention and Industry at the South," "Legal Preventives of Alcoholism," "The Past and Future of Aluminum," "Emotions and Infection," "Speech for Deaf Children," are among some of the other papers in this number, which contains also a sketch, by Miss Helen Zimmern, of Elisée Reclus and his anarchistic opinions.

HOSTILITY TO STRANGERS

Prof. Evans's first article on "The Ethics of Tribal Society" brings out the disposition prevailing among the ancient Hebrews, Greeks, Germans and other undeveloped peoples, to regard an injury done to a foreigner as praiseworthy, and notes that this attitude is still found among the lower classes of all civilized nationalities:—

"Principles, once grown obsolete, are denounced as prejudices; religious beliefs, which have been supplanted by superior creeds, are scoffed at as superstitions; and dethroned deities haunt the imagination of their former worshipper as demons. In like manner, the lower classes of civilized communities correspond, in a measure, to the lower races, and reflect atavistically the ideas and passions of primitive man; and in periods of great social and political upheaval we are often rudely brought face to face with tumultuous masses of these strata of palaeozoic humanity violently and unpleasantly thrown to the surface. It crops out in the English boor, who at the sight of a stranger is ever ready to 'leave 'arf a brick at 'im, and would deem the neglect of this duty a treasonable lack of local patriotism and loyalty to time-honored tradition; in the Cretan herdsman, who instinctively seizes his cudgel whenever a traveller in trousers passes by; and in the Egyptian fellah, who teaches his children to spit at every man with a hat on and cry out: 'Yâ nasrânî! Yâ khînî! O you Nazarene! O you pig!'"

Prof. Evans may observe the same phenomenon among the members of our upper classes while they are young. It is found among the pupils of different schools, the students of different universities, and even divides the freshman and the sophomore in the same college.

POETRY AND UTILITY

While studying Prof. Huxley's evolution, St. George Mivart preaches the gospel of ugliness:—

"Many persons deplore the ravages which the one intellectual animal (man) has effected on the fair face of Nature. As a naturalist I feel this strongly, and the extinction of so many curious and beautiful forms of life which human progress occasions is very painful to contemplate. It seems to us hateful that the harmonious results of Nature's conflicting powers should be disturbed and upset to meet the vulgar needs of uncultured human life.

"Yet reason should convince us that this sentiment is a mistaken one. We may, indeed, most reasonably regret the loss of species of animals and plants which greater care and foresight might have preserved; yet we should never forget that over the irrational world man legitimately holds sway, and that weighed in the balance with him the rest counts for nothing. The very poorest homestead, the ugliest row of cottages, the most common-place suburb, and the manufacturer's chimney, with its grimy surroundings and furnaces which make verdure impossible, are each of them priceless in value compared with all the charms of irrational Nature which the most skillful poet can depict. They are of such value, because each is an arena wherein good thoughts and words and deeds may find a place, and so help on the world to fulfil what is for us its one great end."

The Lounger

THE MEMOIRS of Charles G. Leland, noticed in *The Critic* of Dec. 30, were written for posthumous publication; but the author was induced to send them to the printer in his lifetime, and must have been glad of it, for the book was one of the big successes of the season, so far as newspaper talk in London is an indication of success. Columns upon columns of review were given to it, and

Mr. Leland's name was in every mouth. While all this was going on in England, the author himself was delivering a discourse in Italian at a session, in Rome, of the Italian Society of Popular Traditions. The President of this body, Count de Gubernatis, speaking on this occasion, declared the Society's formation to be due to, Mr. Leland's initiative. The American is, in fact, its Vice-President and Honorary President. The Italians are getting to regard him as one of themselves; and a penny broadside of an old song of his translated under the title of "La Bella Strega," adorned with a rough woodcut of a ship in a high wind, is said to be having a great run as a "nuova canzonetta di Charles Godfrey Leland." The Gypsies have long claimed our fellow-countryman as one of themselves—and had the claim allowed. Who will claim him—and get him—next?

THERE HAS BEEN a good deal of talk in the papers and much enmity expressed toward Mr. Rudyard Kipling because of some letters written by him several years ago, when he was quite a young man, criticising certain things in America that were not above criticism. On a better acquaintance with America, Mr. Kipling changed his tone and tried to forget the letters that had not attracted much attention on their first appearance in certain out-of-the-way papers. When he became famous, the literary resurrectionists reprinted them, giving the impression that they had just been written. I should like to know which was the worse—for an Englishman to write frankly of a country he had visited, even if he did exaggerate its faults a little, or for an American to steal his letters years afterwards, republish them against his wishes and persuade the public that they had just been written.

The Westminster Gazette of Dec. 4 adds the following to the interesting catalogue of the "humors of misprint":—

"Mr. Walter Besant has often, by his own showing, been the victim of the printer's devil. But we doubt whether he has encountered a more philosophical and telling *diablerie* than that perpetrated a day or two ago by the printer of *The Woman's Herald*. The writer of an article was criticising Mr. Besant's view that 'the highest destiny of women is marriage,' or, as the writer tersely puts it, that the out-of-work woman 'should at once cast eyes upon the neighboring eligibles,' and she stated what she took to be Mr. Besant's position (*vis.*, that women ought never to work for wages for fear of inconveniencing men), algebraically as follows: 'If there are only *x* situations (he says), and *x* men together with *y* women compete for them, then what is to become of the *y* men who will be put out, if the young women are put in?' On this the printer 'used his own judgment,' and the 'copy' came out in proof with the following delightful results, which we think even out-Besants Mr. Besant:—'If there are only Christian situations (he says), and Christian men, together with young women, compete for them, then what is to become of the young men who will be put out, if the young women are put in?'"

I HAVE come across a curious misprint in Goldwin Smith's little book of translations from the Latin entitled "Bay Leaves." Horace's "udum Tibur" appears in English as "Tiber's falling tide" (p. 60). Of course it is inconceivable that a classical scholar should confound *Tiber* and *Tibur*, especially in dealing with Horace. The error is doubtless due to the intelligent compositor or proof-reader, who had heard of Tiber but not of Tibur. The "falling tide" (a queer rendering of the *udum*, by the way, but obviously suggested by the famous waterfall at Tibur, the modern Tivoli) naturally confirmed his impression that the well-known river was meant, and so the "Tibur" was duly "corrected." A New York newspaper, chronicling the death of Lord Lovelace, last month, referred to his deceased wife as Byron's "Ada, sole daughter of my purse and heart!"

THERE IS a good deal of scorn pointed at Americans for their persistency in the matter of advertising; but it has always seemed to me that the English go in for that sort of thing to a much greater extent than we do. Except that we deface natural scenery, I think that they may claim the credit for more ingenuity—and if they will forgive me, more impertinence—in the way of advertising than we are guilty of. You cannot take up an English magazine, no matter how high its class, without being insulted by advertisements of soaps and pills, or anything that needs to be advertised, printed on colored paper and scattered loosely among the pages of the text. When soaps and pills are advertised in American magazines, they are placed among the advertising pages only, and the reader of the text is not bound to see them unless he turns to those pages—which he is very likely to do, because American advertisements are not, as a rule, uninteresting reading.

BUT IT WAS not magazine advertising that I had in mind when I began this paragraph; it was personal advertising, which I find much more common among English people than among Americans. For instance, did you ever hear of an American author's giving a "literary party," to "inaugurate the publication of a new work"? I don't believe you ever did; I know that I never did, and I should be as likely to as anybody. But I have before me the "Program of Proceedings" of just such a function. The program opens with a list of names of more or less distinguished persons who, it is said, "up to the time of going to press have accepted invitations to be present." Then the program goes on to explain that "Guests will enter, please, at the gardener's lodge; then (the swing gate entrance being closed for repairs of drainage) follow carriage drive, and at the right-hand corner of the College pass through the chaplain's gate." At four P.M., there will be a "reception in the drawing-room," where "may be noticed"—and I suppose the guests will be "personally conducted"—a case of birds shot in Central Asia, a silver ikon from Russia, a table-cover of Tashkend embroidery and cloth of spangled Burmese embroidery. After these articles have been carefully examined, the guests are invited to "pass up, please, to the library, where may be seen"—and there follows a list of what may be seen "on mantle, on walls and on table." At 4:30 precisely, the author will conduct the party around the College. Then follow a few lines, saying when and by whom the College was founded, with a description of the tour. "Pass next, please, to the chapel," where the guests are invited to inspect the carving and other objects of interest. At 5 P.M., "in the College library, tea and coffee will be served by friends in costumes brought home by the author—Dr. Lansdell; Mrs. Lansdell in tea-gown of gold brocaded satin, presented as a robe of honor by the Emir of Bokhara; the Misses Woodward in striped satin, velvet and Kashmir khalats, given by the Governor of Merv, etc.; and others in costumes exemplifying those of a Siberian prisoner, a Kashgar murderer, a Korean mourner, a Bokhara Jew, an Arab shepherd and a Manchu 'Fishskin Stranger.'" Curiosities and costumes will be exhibited at this time, and at 5:30 the author will describe his ride to Little Tibet. Carriages may be ordered at 6:30, for then the show will be over.

THERE IS NO HARM in this, and I dare say those persons who had "accepted invitations to be present, up to the time of going to press," were very much entertained, as I know that I have been by simply reading the program of proceedings.

IF THERE is one peculiarity of expression that I dislike more than another, it is (as I have said before) the omission of the preposition from the phrases "sleep at night," "work by day," etc. I recently offered to lay a wager with a cultivated young woman who defended their use, that she could not find higher authority than a certain charming American writer of to-day for the monstrosities "sleep nights," "open evenings," etc. She did not venture to take me up. If she had done so, I should not have referred to the subject just now; for I have seen, within a few weeks, an extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott's in which the great romancer and good poet remarks that he "often slept nights" at Melrose! It is comforting to know that Sir Walter is famous on far other grounds than the purity of his English. It was significant that, during the holidays, the advertisement of the most literary of New York publishers and booksellers called attention to the fact that his shop was "Open in the Evening."

SIR WALTER'S LETTER, referred to above, is to appear in the forthcoming Life of Bernard Barton. It was addressed to Barton himself, who had asked the poet for an autograph copy of his reference to Melrose Abbey, in "Marmion." Here it is:—

"I have been lazy in sending you the two transcripts. In calling back the days of my youth I was surprised into confessing what I might as well have kept to myself—that I had been guilty of sending persons a bat-hunting to see the ruins of Melrose by moonlight, which I never saw myself. The fact is rather curious, for as I have often slept nights at Melrose (when I did not reside so near the place), it is singular that I have not seen it by moonlight on some chance occasion. However, it so happens that I never did, and must (unless I get cold by going on purpose) be contented with supposing that these ruins look very like other Gothic buildings which I have seen by the wan light of the moon."

Of the verses which accompanied the letter, the first had the usual ending:—

"Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

This was the amendment:—

"Then go—and meditate with awe
On scenes the author never saw;
Who never wandered by the moon
To see what could be seen by noon."

What Constitutes Copyright?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Would you kindly allow me to bring the following facts to your notice? I published this year in England a novel called "Dodo," but as it was not published simultaneously in America, I lost copyright there. A few months later Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, offered me terms for its publication in America which I accepted, and after this arrangement had been concluded, I heard from a Chicago publisher, C. H. Sergel, who also offered to publish it. Naturally I refused his offer.

Shortly after the book had been published by Messrs. Appleton, I heard that an edition by Sergel had also appeared, of which I now have a copy. I see on the back of the title page the words:—

"Copyright 1893 by
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago."

The book was not published simultaneously with its appearance in England, and therefore cannot be copyright. I learn, however, that if new matter is introduced, copyright can be obtained, so I read the book and find that it contains about half a dozen misprints, and the substitution of the word *Kewahn* for *Halma*. I do not know what *Kewahn* is, but I should much like to learn if its introduction, coupled with a few misprints and the omission of accents in French words, is sufficient grounds for calling this edition copyright.

In conclusion, I should like to state directly, that the edition published by Messrs. Appleton is the authorized edition, and that Sergel's edition has been published contrary to and in spite of my expressed wishes.

GRAND HOTEL, ATHENS, DEC. 19, 1893. E. F. BENSON.

Have Dead Authors no Rights?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The enclosed clipping is from the Chicago *Dial*. Ought not a literary journal, as *The Critic* is, to take cognizance of a transaction like this:—

"Messrs. Copeland & Day, in announcing their limited edition of Rossetti's 'House of Life,' send us the following explanatory note: 'The one hundred and three sonnets and eleven lyrics with which Dante Gabriel Rossetti chose to build his House of Life, are here set forth according to their obvious design. Those used in the volume of MDCCCLXX. are reproduced as they then appeared, not as they have appeared since in the volume of MDCCCLXXXI. The deplorable circumstance is well known which led to the too sensitive withdrawal of one of the sequence and to the revision of others: a mistaken sacrifice of beauty to a mistakenly imposed ideal. The makers of this edition revert by choice to the poet's original plan of work. As *The House of Life* stood in Rossetti's mind, so it stands, once again, in its innocence and perfection.'"

Dante Rossetti arranged "The House of Life" sonnets before his death as he wished them to survive him. His brother, Michael, in issuing a collected edition of Dante's works, respected his wishes and retained the precise form in which they had been previously issued. Has a dead author no rights which enterprising publishers are bound to respect.

W. R.

"Roman and Mediæval Art"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—Your review of my "Roman and Mediæval Art," on Dec. 23, asserts that I attribute the present form of the Pantheon to Agrippa. Will you allow me to quote the only sentence in my book which refers to the Pantheon:—"Although this building was dedicated after completion to the gods of the conquered nations, it is thought to have been first designed as a part of the Baths of Agrippa and it is an example of the great dome interiors which were distinctive for this class of building." Will your critic now advise me of his own sources of information later than Middleton? I am familiar with Middleton's matter on the Pantheon. As his view is an innovation on that which has been generally accepted, and one which it is possible to contest, I have thought best to steer between opposing views by the words "it is *thought* to have been first designed as a part of the Baths of Agrippa."

As your critic suggests that I am not at home in the subject of architecture and that I have not "even heard of the recent investigations concerning the construction of the Pantheon," I will be

most grateful to him for telling me what they are, with the anticipation that they will turn out to be Middleton's.

Your review suggests that my frontispiece is "curiously" chosen from Stonehenge, "a subject as little Roman as it is mediæval." Allow me to insinuate that as the Prehistoric period is the backing and background of both Roman and Mediæval history, and as I have begun my volume with an account of the Prehistoric age, I have chosen my frontispiece from a Prehistoric subject as fitting introduction to the introductory chapter. Apparently that "confusion in the arrangement of my details" which your critic blames has a method here which has escaped his notice.

Your critic pays himself a delicate compliment in his reference to the bindings of the Chautauqua Series. If this binding has come to pieces in a week, we are sure that he has read the book. It has been suggested by the London *Academy* that this is the first duty of a critic. Query—should not the critic handle the binding as severely as he does the book? If he has done so in this case, it may console the publishers to reflect that all their readers are not Critics.

My "History of Art" contains a reference to the views of Middleton on the Pantheon (p. 80). This book must be known to your critic, as it is the only original History of Art in the English language (D'Anvers's being a translation from the German of an abridgment of Lübke). Would it not have been well for your critic to examine this work before casting a slur on my knowledge of architecture? As he has advanced my ignorance of Middleton's views on the Pantheon as an instance of my general ignorance of the subject, you will favor me by requesting him to add additional instances. You will notice the word "even" in your review. I "have not even heard of the recent investigations regarding the construction of the Pantheon."

222 EAST 69TH STREET, NEW YORK. WM. H. GOODYEAR.

Jan. 2, 1894.

[I examined Mr. Goodyear's "History of Art" with much care when it first appeared; but as I have had no occasion to open the book since, my memory of its treatment of architecture is not fresh. However, no further proof of the author's incompetence to handle the subject of Roman architecture is needed than his remarks above regarding the works of Prof. Middleton, and his use of them as the chief source of information. Both the "Ancient Rome" and "The Remains of Ancient Rome" contain much of value; but even the later work is so full of errors that it cannot be followed with safety as an authority. Some mistakes were pointed out by Prof. Tarbell in *The Classical Review* for 1892, pp. 415-419 (see also *The Critic* for 1892, p. 131); others, as for example in the account of the Baths at Pompeii ("Remains of Ancient Rome," Vol. II., p. 116), I have not seen noticed in print. So far as the Pantheon is concerned, the new discoveries assigning the present structure to the time of Hadrian, have been a matter of current archaeological information for a year or more; the results of Otto Richter's investigations, for example, were published in the first number of the "Jahrbuch des Kaiserlich Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts" for 1893.

Of course if Mr. Goodyear thinks best to commence a small manual of Roman and mediæval art with the megalithic monuments of Stonehenge, or to write a history of the United States from the time of the Flood, or to build a house with a porch at some distance from the edifice, we shall cheerfully concede to him a perfect right so to do; but we are still of the opinion that for a handbook, a symmetrical, well-balanced presentation of the subject actually in hand is more profitable (as it is certainly less confusing) than an unorganized aggregation of loosely related details.

The back of "Roman and Mediæval Art" broke (though the volume was handled with usual care) at page 50; then two whole sections of the kind called signatures by the binders, pp. 21 to 36, and pp. 37-50, became detached and fell out. When I laid the book one side, the back had broken again at pp. 64 and 80, and several more signatures were ready to follow the example of the first two.

THE REVIEWER.]

London Letter

THERE HAS BEEN but little stirring in the literary world this Christmas week: the time has been given up to festivity and to the production of the indispensable annual pantomimes. Sir Augustus Harris is again "surpassing himself," as the phrase runs, at Drury Lane, and the sober home of tragedy at the Lyceum is, in Mr. Irving's absence, transformed into a palace for Cinderella, with rather a novel kind of entertainment, too episodic to be likened to an Empire ballet, too imaginative and graceful for the general cast of pantomime. Everyone is enjoying his holiday and visiting the theatres.

Meanwhile, the play-going public has been saddened by a very real loss. Just as the houses were re-opening for the festive season, one of the most popular playwrights of the day has passed

away. Mr. Henry Pettitt is dead. It would, of course, be false eulogy to class Mr. Pettitt with the foremost dramatists of the hour. He lacked the literary finish of Mr. Pinero, the delicate characterization of Mr. Sydney Grundy; but, if to have entertained thousands of his fellow-countrymen with sound, wholesome, invigorating fare, to have struck the peculiarly national note in our complex individuality with unerring precision, to have shown the people once more the good, honest triumph of virtue, the age-old wages of sin—if these things be of good repute (and who can doubt it?) then Mr. Pettitt filled his place in the present generation. His ingenuity in the construction of plots was inexhaustible, and his own career shows that he was often obliged to have resort to the fertility of his brain for the management of his fortunes. Henry Pettitt was the son of a Birmingham civil engineer, and was but thirteen years old when a domestic disaster threw him upon his own resources. He started life as an actor at Sadler's Wells Theatre, but his early appearances were unsuccessful. He then took to writing, won a prize (a microscope) for a short story, and pawned it to continue a treat for himself and his friend at the Strand Theatre. For two years he served as a clerk to Pickford, the great carrier-firm; and, upon his dismissal for inattention, became assistant-master at a school at Camden Town. Then he began play-writing, and sold his first piece for a five-pound note. Having made a success with "British Born," a joint work with Mr. Paul Merritt, he took the play on tour through the provinces, and began studying the taste of that great public to which he has so long and so satisfactorily catered. "A Woman's Revenge," now running at the Adelphi, was the latest and one of the most notable of his successes, and indicates exactly the methods of his work. Intricate involution of plot, infinite sequence of situation, and a neglect of character-study—these were the principal ingredients of his fortune. During the last few years he made, it is said, an income equal to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. And he remained one of those good fellows whom success only mellowed: a friend whose loss is felt very keenly in many a theatrical circle this Christmas.

Yet another death in a still more conspicuous rank of life reminds us that the little band of Tennyson's contemporaries is rapidly diminishing. On Dec. 27 died Dean Merivale—one of the Apostles at the time when the late Laureate was at Trinity, Cambridge, and one of the poet's personal friends. Dean Merivale was, in his university days, a keen athlete, in later life a distinguished writer upon theological topics.

The Authors' Society is to be followed by a like combination among artists, and a preliminary meeting has already been held at Barnard's Inn Hall, that beautiful building where a few weeks ago Verlaine was discussing his contemporaries. The objects of the Society of Illustrators are briefly these: to protect the artistic interests of illustrators, so that they may be assured a fair remuneration for their work, and to encourage every branch of reproduction. It seems that there has been a great deal of discontent among artists over the wholesale fashion in which newspapers appropriate work which it has taken years to produce, and give replicas without any pecuniary acknowledgment. *Cliche's* are scattered about the country; often the picture is cut up, single figures being reprinted under new names. The artist is thus manifestly wronged, and the new society aims at securing for artistic property that immunity from injustice which Mr. Besant has obtained for the author. Among the enthusiastic supporters of the scheme none has the matter more at heart, I understand, than Mr. Joseph Pennell. He is established on the provisional committee, in company with Mr. J. Bernard Partridge of *Punch*, Mr. H. M. Paget of *The Graphic*, and Mr. W. B. Wotton of *The Illustrated London News*. The whole scheme is as yet in its infancy, but I hope to have something more to say of it later on, when its arrangements approach consolidation. There can, at least, be no doubt of its general desirability.

I hear rumors that, during the summer of 1894, we may expect an autobiography that will be of immense interest for width of scope and variety of subject. Mr. George Augustus Sala has, it is reported, been for some time at work upon his memoirs, and the book is sure to be full of good material. Whether the manuscript is yet in a publisher's hands, I do not know, but the book will be ready, I believe, some time during the coming year. It ought to be almost as attractive as Mr. Leland's volume of reminiscences, and that is saying a good deal.

A new author is attracting some attention in London just now in the person of a Mr. Gabriel Satoun, who has written a story called "Bairacraig," which seems to be of unusual promise. The author's name, as it appears upon the title-page, is supposed to be a pseudonym, and he seems likely to reach fame in his first flight under the appellation of "The New Barrie." Indeed, he has closely followed in the footsteps of the author of "A Window in Thrums," and his predecessor need not be ashamed of the disciple. It is a very notable first appearance, if first appearance it be. And how strange it is that, when once a new line is started in fiction, a dozen

yeomen follow in the train of the leader, and show themselves no less adept in what was but yesterday an entirely novel feat. Mr. Kipling has his followers, and Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Baring-Gould; and now Mr. Barrie has founded a school for himself.

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

And yet one feels a sort of sympathy with the originator. It must be rather hard to have your successes followed up by another!

LONDON, 29 Dec., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

AFTER ALMOST ninety years of useful life, Elizabeth P. Peabody has passed away. A world of recollections is aroused by her death. The readers of Nathaniel Hawthorne will recall that it was her sister, Sofia, who became the wife of the romancer, and the admirers of Horace Mann will remember that his wife was another sister of Miss Peabody. The friends of A. Bronson Alcott can bring to mind the fact that 53 years ago his school in Boston received a new teacher of history as the successor of Margaret Fuller, and that that teacher was Miss Peabody. The teachers of the Kindergarten to-day know, if others do not, that it was this same Miss Peabody who introduced that system of teaching into America. This latter act, by the way, came about through her acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schurz. Sometime in 1859, when she was visiting them, she asked how it was that their little daughter, then only six years old, was so far advanced in her studies, and was told by Mrs. Schurz that it was through training in Froebel's Kindergarten abroad. It was the first time that Miss Peabody had heard of this method, and, immediately seeing its value, she started a school on Pickney Street in this city. Some years later, feeling that she had not acquired exactly the right system, she went abroad, and on her return introduced Froebel's method absolutely into this country. Never did her interest in liberal education or in philanthropic movements wane. Even at the age of sixty she learned the Polish language in order better to carry on her work in the interest of the Polish struggle for liberty, while a little more than a year ago, when the Princess Winnemucca of the Piute Indians came to Boston, Miss Peabody helped her in all ways, and even assisted in writing a book concerning wrongs done by the Government to the Indians. She was prominent in years past among the Abolitionist leaders and as a woman suffragist, and she was one of the last of the old literary set of Boston. Her reminiscences of Dr. Channing and Allston, and her "Crimes of the House of Austria," are among her best known books. Miss Peabody's early years were somewhat troubled by the pecuniary embarrassment of her father, who was both a school-teacher and physician. She herself, besides teaching, at one time even started the business of importing and publishing foreign books. But, although her friend, Dr. Channing, and her brother-in-law, Nathaniel Hawthorne, gave her each a book of theirs to publish, she was obliged to relinquish this business.

At the funeral of Miss Peabody Mrs. Ednah Dean Cheney, Frank Sanborn and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke, the services being conducted by the Rev. Charles G. Ames. Mrs. Cheney, in her tribute, said:—"The first anecdote that I can remember that she told me of her life shows her respect for her own individuality. When her parents wanted her to drink obnoxious medicine, she threw it out of the window. To this she attributed her vigorous health in later years. She loved and respected her parents, however. Her father made her stand the sight of blood without fainting, in order that she might have courage in any emergency. She resolutely combated the prejudice of color in this country. She never recognized that differences in color exist in men. When she walked down town arm in arm with a colored man, the whole city was indignant, but she did not care."

And now to write of books, or rather of the book trade. *Critic* readers may have seen in the daily press the announcement of the failure of the D. Lothrop Co. It was not wholly unexpected, because, since the death, in 1892, of Daniel Lothrop, we have heard now and then of different changes which seemed to indicate the possibility of this move unless times grew better. *Wide Awake*, it will be remembered, was sold to The Century Co. last August, and the up-town office of the firm was recently given up. Now, with obligations that run from \$200,000 to \$250,000, the old house, successful from 1850 till recently, finds it impossible to weather the depression in business. It is thought that there will be no interruption in the publication of *Pansy*, *Babylond* and the other periodicals.

Meanwhile, over in Cambridge, but with Chicago also allied as the publishing place, a new firm, Stone & Kimball, is following out that same line of beautiful book-making which I mentioned a week or two ago as the aim of another new publishing house in Boston. In fact, if this keeps on, our city will have its reputation greatly en-

hanced, and even now we boast with pride of its high standing. This new Cambridge firm is trying to do in America just what Elkin Mathews and John Lane are doing in London. But they are trying to do it in their own way, thus giving novelty to America, as well as artistic book-making. This fall they have published books by Joaquin Miller, Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland, and in the spring they intend to bring out a number of other books, devoting a good deal of their time to poetry, with the idea that that style of work adapts itself best to good book-making and is most deserving of care and beauty. Certainly, everyone who has seen the books they have already published must have noticed their excellence in printing and binding as well as their quaintness in typographical arrangement of title-pages and tail inscriptions. I believe that Gilbert Parker, who recently visited Boston, has given them his first book of poems to print under the title of "A Lover's Diary." It is a sonnet-sequence with just a suggestion of romance and a great deal of love in it. I understand also that Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa poem of last year, "Lincoln's Grave," by Maurice Thompson, is to be put out by this same house in very striking form, and that this is to be followed by books of verse by Grant Allen, Hugh McCulloch, Jr., Arthur O'Shaughnessy—and, by the way, his poems are to be edited by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton—the "Tom Hall" whom we have so often noted in *Life*, and others. Boston can certainly offer a welcome to a house with such high aims.

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, who wrote "The Queen of the Adriatic," has received from the publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, a splendidly bound copy of her book. The binding, a special piece of work done by a graduate of one of the great London binderies, is in full polished calf, handsomely tooled. The author acknowledged the gift in a charming and characteristic note.

The estate left by the late Francis Parkman has been estimated by the executors and found to reach the value of \$195,850, exclusive of the copyrights, stereotyped plates and contracts with Little, Brown & Co., the publishers, and of the summer estate at New-castle. The real estate is valued at \$55,000 and the personal at \$140,850.

The site of our new Music Hall has been decided. It will stand on the Back Bay at the corner of West Chester Park and Huntington Ave., the land being purchased for \$170,000. McKim, Mead and White have suggested an interior of a very novel character, differing entirely from anything else in New England. In general appearance it suggests a Greek theatre. There are to be no galleries, and the seats will be arranged in a form resembling that of a big magnet; the retiring rooms and "ambulatory" will be built under the auditorium.

BOSTON, 9 Jan., 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE KENT Chemical Laboratory was dedicated by the trustees of the Chicago University on New Year's Day, and the Ryerson Physical Laboratory is almost ready for a like ceremony. The buildings, designed, like all of those erected for the University, by Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, are very beautiful, and aid greatly in making the college campus already an impressive place. The chemical hall was the gift of Mr. Sidney A. Kent, who has taken pride in having it constructed after the most approved modern methods, with many ingenious and original devices for facilitating the experimental study of chemistry. Mr. Martin H. Ryerson has done the same service for physical science, each having given about \$235,000 for construction and partial equipment, the trustees providing for a part of the furnishings. I am told by a reliable authority that the Kent Hall is the best equipped chemical laboratory in the country. On New Year's Day, too, the University received another important gift, Mr. John D. Rockefeller having supplied President Harper with \$50,000 for the purchase of books. This is particularly valuable, as it comes at a time when the need of additions to the library is keenly felt. The usefulness of the college will soon be widened in another direction, as plans are now being made for the buildings to be connected with the astronomical observatory at Geneva Lake. A fine location was selected for this department on the high shores of this pretty sheet of water in Wisconsin, and there the great Yerkes telescope, which was exhibited in the Manufacturers Building last summer, is to be erected. The land, which is valued at \$27,000, is the gift of Mr. John Johnston, Jr., of this city, and the \$500,000 which Mr. Charles T. Yerkes gave to found an astronomical department, will be expended on the three telescopes, the buildings and equipment. Altogether, the Chicago University is making so magnificent a beginning that no one can estimate its ultimate value to the country at large.

A new book by Mr. Eugene Field is the literary event of the week, and it is issued in a manner worthy of the bibliophile in Mr. Field as well as of the writer. "The Holy Cross and Other

Tales" is published by Stone & Kimball of Cambridge and Chicago in the prettiest way, with good margins, excellent print, charming decorative initials and title-page designed by L. J. Rhead, and an effective binding. The contents show Mr. Field's serious side more continuously than is usual in his works, though in two or three of the tales his delightful humor gains the upper hand. It is irresistible in "Flail, Trask, and Bisland," a lamentable history of a bibliomaniac, who invents a pleasing fiction wherewith to beguile his prudent wife into enjoyment of his excesses in the matter of books. Her suggestions, when he brings home a handsome volume, that the children need shoes or mittens make him so uncomfortable, that he adopts the device of telling her that each of these treasures was presented to him. He designates the most generous of his benefactors by the names used in the title of the story, and Alice's reverence for these mythical beings is very amusing. The growth of her admiration, however, is accompanied by increasing trepidation on the part of her husband, who finds himself involved in numerous difficulties. The climax is reached in Alice's desire to name her son after these benevolent friends, and in the confession of the husband that they have no existence. The story is told with the straightforward seriousness which is the usual setting for Mr. Field's inimitable humor. Here he is thoroughly at home, the apparent facility being an important factor in producing the desired effect. This ease is also manifest in "Daniel and the Devil," the most original thing in the book, though the theme is as old as the story of Faust. But in this modern version the Devil encounters a typical business man, who shrewdly thwarts him at every point. The bond is so carefully drawn by Daniel as to become null and void if at any time during twenty-four years the Devil refuses to do his bidding; and if the bond thus becomes forfeit, one thousand and one souls are to be released from the infernal regions. Daniel then proceeds to enjoy life as he understands it, and is a continual surprise and disappointment to the Devil. Instead of leading the life of dissipation which his ally expected, Daniel continues to follow industriously his former occupation. After accumulating riches, he horrifies the Devil by commanding him to build churches, and found hospitals and training-schools. He is forced to these suicidal measures by the uncomfortable provisions of the bond; but when he is commanded at last to close the saloons on Sunday, he can stand it no longer. "I don't care what the stipulations are!" shrieked the Devil, "I'm through with you, and may I be consumed by my own fires if ever again I have anything to do with a business man!"

In some of his more serious work, Mr. Field reminds one of certain French writers of short stories—of Coppelé frequently, and sometimes even of Maupassant. At its best his pathos is very touching—delicate as a flower, evanescent as a perfume. But occasionally he strives too hard for this elusive effect, and it escapes him. The step from sentiment to sentimentality is a hard one to avoid, and in some of these stories of children Mr. Field does not avoid it. Now and then they savor too much of affectation, and the archaic language is not always happy. This fault is most noticeable in "Mistress Merciless," beautiful as it is. It is not quite simple and sincere enough to produce the effect it strives for. But there are exquisite things about it, and the little story it encloses is as lovely and soothing as a lullaby. The sketch of Franz Abt is delicate and suggestive, and the tale of the old mare and her colt is skillfully handled. But the most beautiful of all is "The Pagan Seal-Wife," which is founded on an Orkney folk-tale. It is a weird, mystical, poetic thing, shimmering like the moonlight, and having the same pale, ghostly, mysterious charm.

Stone & Kimball are also about to publish "A Lover's Diary," by Gilbert Parker, who wrote "The Translation of a Savage" and "Pierre and his People." This is his first volume of poems, a collection of sonnets, linked together by a thread of romance. Will H. Low is designing a frontispiece for the book, which will be printed at the De Vinne Press. The same enterprising firm will publish Grant Allen's first book of verses, which is entitled "The Lower Slopes: Reminiscences of Excursions round the Base of Helicon, Undertaken for the Most Part in Early Manhood."

The Schulte Publishing Co. recently brought out an historical and practical treatise on "The Railroad Question," by ex-Gov. William Larrabee of Iowa.

CHICAGO, 9 Jan., 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

The Drama

"Sowing the Wind"

"SOWING THE WIND," the new four-act play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, which has been produced at the Empire Theatre by Mr. Charles Frohman, is a work of uncommon merit, interesting as a story, strong and truthful in characterization, a powerful plea against a rank form of social injustice, and written in a style at once simple, vigorous and finished. It has been compared with

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "A Woman of No Importance," but really resembles neither of them, although all three are founded upon the same general topic. The essential difference in favor of Mr. Grundy's play is that there is no special pleading or false sentiment about it, no attempt to excuse error, or to beg off the main question, its whole effect and object being a demonstration of the manner in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and of the gross disparity in the penalties exacted from offending women on the one hand and offending men on the other.

The story which it tells is so old and so simple that there can be no confusion of ideas concerning its moral. Mr. Brabazon, a rich and elderly widower, entertained in his youth a passion for an innocent girl of inferior social station, whom he would have married but for the opposition of his parents. Fearing to make her his wife, he enticed her from her home and lived with her in a fool's paradise for some months, until an officious but well-meaning friend and a designing scoundrel succeeded in persuading him that she was false, whereupon he deserted her. Later on he married and lived happily for many years, until his wife died and left him alone in the world. Having no direct heir, he then adopted the son of a dead friend, and, when the curtain rises upon the first act, he is busy with plans for the young man's future. His conscience still pricks him on account of his desertion of his first love, and he is tormented with the thought that possibly she had been true to him after all, and that he may be responsible for her ruin. At all events, he resolves that his adopted heir shall be left free to marry whom he pleases if only the girl be personally unobjectionable and of decent origin. He is deeply concerned, nevertheless, when he discovers that the lad has set his affections upon a public singer, and absolutely refuses his consent when he learns, through the agency of the same old friend who had extricated him from his own juvenile entanglement, that the young woman is the subject of much idle talk and the daughter of a hideously disreputable mother. To the protestations of the lad that his lady-love is the purest as well as the most beautiful of her sex he turns a deaf ear. Finally he visits the girl herself in her home, and kindly but firmly explains the impossibility of the union. This leads to the great scene of the play, in which the social relations of the sexes are discussed with striking effect, the old man defending his position and the girl assailing it with passionate and most cogent argument, backed by a brief sketch of her own unhappy but blameless life, in the course of which she lets fall the maiden name of her mother, and thus reveals the astounding fact, of which she is completely unconscious, that she is Brabazon's own illegitimate daughter, the child of the woman he had betrayed and deserted in his youth. Upon this dramatic situation the curtain falls for the third act, and the enthusiastic applause which followed it on the first night put the success of the play beyond question. In the fourth act Brabazon makes full confession of his fault, asks the forgiveness of his daughter for the sufferings he has brought upon her, and joins the hands of the lovers.

This, in its bare outline, sounds like a conventional story; but the freshness and skill with which Mr. Grundy has handled it, gives it all the semblance of originality, while most of the characters have a vitality in marked contrast with the artificiality of the common stage puppets of the period. The heroine is delightfully drawn as a study of a brave and true woman, not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, and is exceedingly well played by Viola Allen, who scored a triumph in the third act by the honest and passionate indignation with which she poured forth the story of her life and denounced the injustice which had punished her for the ill-doing of others. Her acting at this crisis was all the more effective, because in the earlier scenes she had scarcely seemed to comprehend the real strength of the character confided to her. Mr. Brabazon is a fine study of a courteous and kindly but weak and impulsive man. He finds a competent but rather stiff interpreter in Henry Miller. Mr. Crompton, as Watkin, the positive, cynical, blundering but good-hearted old bachelor, is excellent in every way, and Mr. W. H. Thompson furnishes a highly finished sketch of an old profligate, polished but utterly and shamelessly base. Mr. Faversham is too self-conscious in the part of the hero, in whom there ought to be no trace of the fop; and Cyril Scott is a trifle too boisterous as a sporting baronet, though his performance is, on the whole, very breezy and natural. All the minor characters are in good hands and the general representation is very well managed, the credit for which is at least partly due to the supervision of that admirable actor, W. H. Vernon, who came from England to direct the production of the play.

SUNFLOWER stalks have been used with success for paper-making in a Kansas mill. *The Daily Republican* of Salina, in that State, is printed on the new product.

"Our Country Cousins"

THIS NEW four-act play by Mr. Paul M. Potter was "written expressly for the Lyceum Theatre," according to the program, probably to take the place of the late "American Duchess." At its first representation, on Monday, the piece showed signs of haste and lack of preparation, but it has enough inherent strength of plot to prove a success after its clever author has pruned and changed and remodelled it in a hundred places. He should suppress, above all, some of the antics of the "country cousins," who supply a comedy element that is closely allied to buffoonery, and who positively obscure the dramatic interest of the action. Mr. Potter confesses that the main theme of his play was suggested by "Les Lionnes Pauvres," but the treatment is entirely his own. Julian Leroy, a rich young Virginian, though loving his wife devotedly, is held a captive by Mrs. Kate Rodney, whose bills he pays. The situation is complicated by the fact that this lady's husband, Major Rodney, is his brother-in-law and most intimate friend—an honest soldier, who believes implicitly in his wife's pretended genius for saving and never wonders at the discrepancy between his small income and her extravagance. Mrs. Leroy discovers her husband's double baseness, but resolved to protect her brother's honor and happiness, forgives him upon his promise never to see Mrs. Rodney again. The latter, being left suddenly without resources, is unable to pay a milliner's bill, which leads to the Major's discovery of the truth. The country cousins' relation with the play is caused by an eccentric will which would transfer part of an immense fortune from Leroy's possession to their pockets in case his marriage should turn out unhappily. Hence a plot to make Mrs. Leroy seek a divorce. Of the acting little need be said, as few opportunities for personal effort are given. Miss Cayvan tried hard to achieve success with the most tantalizing part she has ever attempted—a part that repeatedly seems to lead up to some sublime opportunity, only to leave her at the last moment without material for a climax. Mr. Herbert Kelcey was, as always, Mr. Herbert Kelcey first, and the character he assumed afterward. Messrs. Le Moyne and Fritz Williams as the Virginian country cousins played with all the discretion their parts would allow of, and Mr. Tarleton made a model Scotch butler. The last act should be entirely re-written. As performed on Monday night, the play was not a success.

"Ghosts"

IT IS TO BE presumed that the small but exceedingly select band of Ibsenites that assembled in the pretty little theatre of the Berkeley Lyceum the other afternoon to witness a performance of "Ghosts" was pleased by what it saw and heard, but it is difficult to see what was gained by the experiment beyond the gratification of a rather morbid curiosity. As a matter of fact, the representation reflected no new light upon the meaning of the piece, and only served to demonstrate the truth, sufficiently patent before, that the play, whatever its social, literary or dramatic value may be, is utterly unfitted for general theatrical purposes, not only by its subject, but by its lack of general interest. Its story must be pretty well known by this time to all readers of *The Critic*, and it is unnecessary to repeat it even in outline. The main object of it is to illustrate the evil effect which the profligacy of the parent may have upon the physical, intellectual and moral condition of the offspring, and the theme is elaborated by examples, both incidental and verbal, of a kind that is both unpleasant and offensive. The debaucheries of the departed Alving and the degradations to which he forced his wife to submit are not useful, delectable or elevating topics of discussion, and, assuredly, the spectacle of a "worm-eaten" son proceeding through paresis to idiocy, and loudly declaring his animal passion for the pretty servant girl who is also his half-sister, can excite no other feelings than those of melancholy and disgust.

The admirers of the Ibsen "hereditary" drama (which is entirely distinct from such works as "Brand" and others) proclaim that "Ghosts" is a great tragedy that could proceed only from a master mind, that it is written with majestic simplicity, that it is constructed with marvellous skill, and that it is pregnant with wisdom and warnings. Tragic, in one sense, it undoubtedly is, for nothing can be much more terrible than the notion of a wretched creature born into the world foredoomed, by the sins of its ancestors, to suffering, madness and death. It is erroneous, however, to assume that a play is a tragedy because it is founded upon a tragic story. The whole world is crammed with tragic material, as anyone may perceive by a glance at the daily newspapers. But the mere narration of a horror in bald and exact terms is not a work of genius, and this is all that Ibsen has given in this case. It may be granted that he had a dramatic idea—although there is nothing very new in the thought of a son taking after his father—but he certainly has not made the best use of it. Not only has he made the fatal theatrical mistake of telling his story by means of conver-

sation instead of presenting it in action, but he has been at pains, apparently, to make that conversation as prosaic and as unimaginative as possible. True to nature it undoubtedly is, but the small talk of every-day life is not what people go to the theatre to hear. The real is one thing, the realistic is another. It may be admitted that Parson Manders, with his narrow views, his good intentions and his moral cowardice, is life-like, but he is also uninteresting—a fault that outweighs all his virtues. Of Mrs. Alving, who might be made a most effective character, the same thing may be said. Oswald is a dreary young prig until stricken with erotic mania, and then he becomes repulsive. Only the drunken, hypocritical Engstrand has some dramatic life in him, and even he is drawn in neutral tints. In a word, the dullness and gloominess of the piece are unredeemed by any humor, imagination or genuine power. In support of its pretence to social or scientific value, there is scarcely anything to be said. Its pessimism is very cheap and its illustration of heredity of no value. In any case, its story would be violently improbable, wholly apart from the falsity of its chief premise. Children do not always inherit parental defects, either of body or mind, and it is very rarely indeed that only one parent is reproduced in a child. There does not seem, in fact, to be any good reason why "Ghosts" should not be left in the semi-obscure of the library, where it will most likely remain.

The Fine Arts

Drawings and Etchings by Mr. Pennell

AT AN EXHIBITION of drawings and etchings by Mr. Joseph Pennell at Keppel's Gallery, the drawings in *gouache* are particularly interesting. Though a pen draughtsman and etcher of long experience and great versatility, the artist seems to be more himself when handling the brush. Most of these drawings are from his and Mrs. Pennell's recent book of travel, "To Gipsyland," and others were intended for that work but not published. Among the latter are some very clever sketches of Gipsy life and character, such as "An Idyl," half-nude children blinking in the sun; "Modern Florentines," heads; and "In a Wine Garden." As a pen draughtsman, Mr. Pennell has passed through many phases, his early work being careful, delicate yet spirited, and perhaps the most original in style; in his later efforts he has been influenced by Verger, Rico and Whistler in turn, and in his latest work by Dürer. The most interesting of his pen sketches are a series made at Martignes, in Provence. The etchings are mostly of architectural subjects, the most important being an excellent plate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, seen over the roofs of intervening houses from an upper story of some tall building. The exhibition closes on the 24th of January.

Art Notes

A NUMBER OF portraits of historic persons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, copied from originals in European galleries by Mr. J. Wells Champney, have just been on exhibition at the Grolier Club. The copies, like many of the originals, are in pastel, in which branch of art Mr. Champney shows himself very clever. The rouged and powdered beauties of the court of Louis XV. have furnished many of the subjects, and there are portraits of that monarch, as Dauphin, after Rosalba Carriera, of Maurice of Saxony after the pastel by La Tour, of Liotard's "La Belle Chocolatière," and of Chardin's striking portrait of himself. Among other artists represented by reproductions of their works were Boucher, Greuze, Frans Hals, Madame Vigée-LeBrun and van Dyck. Mr. Champney has reproduced very conscientiously, and with a good deal of spirit, the characteristic touch of each artist that he has copied, and has been remarkably successful in rendering the color of the paintings as it is, in many cases yellowed or darkened by time. He read a paper on "Pastels and Pastellists" in the afternoon of Jan. 8, which was the Club's "ladies' day." The exhibition ended last night.

—At Klackner's new gallery in East 28th Street may be seen a number of the best of the Italian water-color paintings that were shown at the World's Fair. Several have been medalled, it must be said without much reason, better things having been passed over. Still, the majority are sound in technique, pleasing in subject and picturesquely treated. Among the best are "Pia del Tolomei and her Husband in the Bird Market of Siena," by Prof. Ferraris; "A Court-Yard at Tivoli," by Prof. Tiratelli, and the "Ave Maria," by Corelli, peasants in the wheat fields of the Campagna under the shadow of the ruined aqueduct.

—The sixty-third Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has profited largely by the great Exhibition at Chicago, whence it has drawn Sargent's splendid portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, George De Forest Brush's "The Sculptor and the King," Whistler's "Fur Jacket," "Nocturne at Valparaiso,"

"Princess of the Land of Porcelain" and other paintings; John McLure Hamilton's excellent portrait of Mr. Gladstone, Kenyon Cox's "Music" and Elihu Vedder's "Samson." But though the uncommonly high average of the present Exhibition is largely due to outside contributions, visitors will perhaps be surprised to find how many clever and well-known artists are residents of Philadelphia. Miss Cecilia Beaux's work has been praised repeatedly in these columns. She has fine examples of it at the present Exhibition, and Mr. Stephen Parrish's "Moonrise," Mr. Henry R. Poore's "Portrait of My Father," and the water-colors by Elizabeth F. Bonsall and Gabrielle D. Clements, uphold the artistic reputation of the city. The Exhibition, which is in all respects one of the most interesting of the season, will close on Feb. 24.

—"The Lives and Works of the Artists of the Barbizon School" will be the subjects of a course of five illustrated lectures to be given by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, on Mondays at 3 P.M., beginning Jan. 15. The order of the lectures will be: 1. Millet; 2. Corot; 3. Rousseau; 4. Barye. Tickets may be had at Christern's, Jenkins's and Putnam's.

—Jules Arsène Garnier's well-known "Le Roi s'Amuse" has been irretrievably injured while being moved from a building in St. Louis. The picture was too large for the elevator, and was caught, the frame and glass being smashed and the canvas ripped and cut beyond reparation.

—The second course of Columbia College lectures in co-operation with the Cooper Union has begun on the night of Jan. 9. The subject is "The Architecture of the Columbian Exposition," and the lecturer, Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin. The course will be completed in three more lectures, to be given on the remaining Tuesdays of this month. Tickets of admission are not required, but no person will be admitted after 8 P. M.

—A large red stain was discovered last week on the east face of the Washington Arch in Washington Square. The spot was caused, according to a policeman, by the bad aim of a schoolboy, who threw a bottle of ink at the head of a mate, and hit the monument. The workmen, who have endeavored, though in vain, to rub out this stain, made the discovery that several cracks, from four to eighteen inches long, have appeared in the marble. Some of these can easily be remedied, but two are more serious.

—A fine Raphael and a series of exquisite miniatures by Floquet have been added by the Duc d'Aumale to his magnificent collection at Chantilly. They were purchased for him by an agent at Frankfurt for 12,000*fr.*

—"Free Art in the Tariff Bill" was the principal subject of discussion at the last monthly meeting of the Architectural League. Mr. Kenyon Cox presented a resolution on the subject which was carried, with an amendment recommending the free admission of photographs of paintings by old masters, of sculpture, architecture and casts. On the same night (Jan. 8) the National Sculpture Society held its annual meeting, and passed a resolution commending "a paragraph [in the Wilson Bill] freeing works of art in painting and sculpture from the present duty of 15 per cent." The Salmagundi Club has proposed that all imported works of art be taxed \$100, regardless of their cost—which would be a godsend to the rich importer of high-priced works, and an imposition upon everyone else.

—Baron Karl von Hasenauer, the Austrian architect who built the Royal Museum at Vienna, and the Palace of Industry, at the Vienna Exhibition of 1875, died on Jan. 4. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Berlin Academy, and an honorary member of the Institute of Architects of Great Britain. He was sixty years old.

—Vice-Pres. Paul Dana's vigorous fight for a sidewalk on the water side of the Harlem River Speedway continues to receive a great deal of attention. A protest against the actions of Mr. Dana's colleagues in the matter has been sent to the Park Board. It is signed by officers and prominent members of the following fine art societies: The Society of American Artists, the Society of American Architects, the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, the American Fine Arts Society, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Water-Color Society, the Art Students' League and the Municipal Art Society, and asks that the habitual policy of dealing artistically with the park territory be made to prevail in the case of the speedway, and that a landscape architect be engaged for the supervision of its construction.

Notes

"MEMOIRS of Two Young Married Women" will be the new volume in Miss Wormeley's translation of Balzac's work. Messrs. Roberts Bros. announce also "The Aim of Life," plain talks to young men and women, by the Rev. Philip Stafford Moxom.

—The first (January) number of *The Psychological Review* has been published by Macmillan & Co. It is edited by Prof. J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia College and Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton, with several distinguished co-operators. It contains Pres. Ladd's address and three of the papers read on Dec. 27-28 at the meeting of the American Psychological Association. Other contributors are Francis Galton, William James, Charles A. Strong and Nicholas Murray Butler. The department devoted to reviews of current psychological literature is one of the most interesting features of what promises to be a very valuable periodical.

—Messrs. Appleton have ready "Germany and the Germans," by William Harbutt Dawson, author of "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle" and other books bearing on the same subject.

—Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, who sprang into fame as the author of "The House of the Wolf," was "discovered" by the Longmans, his manuscript having, it is said, gone begging among the publishers till it fell into their hands. He is a barrister, and only a little more than thirty years of age. His latest story, which is said to be his best, is called "A Gentleman of France."

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on Feb. 2, the second volume of George William Curtis's Works, edited by Prof. Norton; a new volume in the Odd Number Series, "Parisian Points of View," from the French of Ludovic Halévy, by Edith V. B. Matthews; "In Direct Peril," a new story by David Christie Murray; "The Mystery of Abel Forefinger," by William Drysdale, in Harper's Young People Series; "A Child's History of Spain," by John Bonner; "The Science of the Earth," by Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., and "Dodge's Practical Biology," by Prof. Charles Wright Dodge, a laboratory guide for high-school and college students. They have in preparation for publication during the same month "The Jewish Question," "Our English Cousins," by Richard Harding Davis, "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle, and Constance Fenimore Woolson's latest novel, "Horace Chase."

—D. Appleton & Co. will publish the new novel by E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," which latter book has proved so great a success.

—Messrs. Mcmillan & Co. promise a new work by Lewis Carroll early in January. It will be a continuation of "Sylvie and Bruno," and will undoubtedly ramble along in the author's own engaging fashion, which mingles the most charming of nonsense-verses and the profoundest of metaphysics, without even a pretence at consistency or continuity. This house will also publish a text-book on "Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses," by Diana Clifford Kimber and Louise Darche, designed to fill a middle place between the text-book for medical students and that for children in school.

—Miss Louise Stockton of Philadelphia, the sister of Frank R. Stockton and a writer herself, has organized a Round Robin Reading Club "designed for the promotion of the systematic study of literature." The instruction is by correspondence, and the reading is done at home or in clubs or "circles" formed for the purpose.

—Ouida's new book, "Two Offenders," is dedicated to the memory of Guy de Maupassant.

—At the "Scribner dinner," on Dec. 27, Mr. Robt. G. Welsh read some verses written for the occasion and expressing regrets at leaving the present quarters at 743 Broadway for the new Fifth Avenue building. The latter will not be ready before May or June.

—The American Peace Society, Boston, has offered three prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25 for the best three essays by undergraduates on "Economic Waste in War." The essay is to consist of from 2,000 to 3,500 words. The faculty of each college is to decide on the best essay submitted at that college, and that essay alone is to be forwarded to the society. All papers must be sent in before July 15.

—"The Ascent of Faith or Grounds of Certainty in Science and Religion," by Alexander J. Harrison, and "The Son of Man among the Sons of Man," by the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter), are two new books enounced by Thomas Whittaker.

—"The Lyric Poetry of Alfred de Musset, Lamartine and Victor Hugo" will be the subject of a series of lectures to be given by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, on ten successive Monday afternoons, beginning Jan. 15. This course of "Institute-Extension Instruction" will be under the direction of Miss Louise Both-Hendriksen. All the lectures will be in French, except the first one. The Institute announces also a special course of ten lectures on Dante's "Inferno," to be given by Prof. Thomas Davidson, M. A., at the Packer Collegiate Institute, on Saturday mornings, beginning Jan. 13.

—Among the books soon to be issued by the Putnams are "The Progress and the Morals of Secularism," by John M. Bonham; "Art in Theory, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Æs-

thetics," by Prof. George L. Raymond of the College of New Jersey; "American Song," compiled by A. B. Symonds, intended as a higher-class text-book; "Random Rambles in Time and Space," by Dr. Augustus Jessup, author of "Arcady"; a third and cheaper edition of Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library"; "Oliver Cromwell: a History," by Samuel H. Church; "A History of Social Life in England," from the earliest times, by H. D. Traill; and "Primary Elections," by Daniel S. Remsen, being Vol. LXV. of the Questions of the Day series.

—The suit brought in this city by Edward B. House to restrain Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), Abby Sage Richardson and Daniel Frohman from producing "The Prince and the Pauper" without his consent, has been dismissed by Judge Bischoff of the Court of Common Pleas.

—The most "newsy" of the English literary journals is a monthly, *The Bookman*. From this publication we learn that Mr. Zangwill has decided for the present to give over the treatment of Jewish subjects. His new novel, which is being written for *To-Day*, deals entirely with Gentile life. Also, that Mr. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," on being asked to write a New Year's message for an American periodical, bluntly declined, saying that as all the magazines had refused his story "Perlycross," "he did not feel inclined to duck his head to the Americans."

—The January *Bookman* has four portraits of Mr. Stevenson, which represent him at six, fifteen, twenty and twenty-five, at which mature age he wears a barrister's gown and wig. A picture of the house built by him near Apia, Samoa, is given. The house consists principally of verandahs.

—Bret Harte has just completed the manuscript of "Johnnyboy," a short story to be published in *The Idler*. This title rather suggests one used by Mr. J. K. Bangs—"Jimmieboy."

—We may expect ere long some new stories of our plains from an English pen. Mr. Maxwell, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Maxwell—Mrs. Maxwell being the well-known novelist, Miss Braddon—has returned to England after eighteen months of life on a Texas ranch. He was in partnership for a while with a son of Lord Stanley of Preston, but found the venture unprofitable. He will try to regain in literature a part of the \$20,000 he lost, his experiences as a cattle-raiser forming, no doubt, an important part of his stock-in-trade.

—Mr. Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter" is said to have sold more quickly than any other of his books.

—At the annual meeting of the University Settlement Society on Jan. 8, the Secretary reported 180 new members for 1893, making a total membership of 450. It is hoped to increase this number to 1000. The Treasurer reported a balance of \$500 on hand. President Low of Columbia presided, and Dr. Stanton Coit, Head Worker, was one of the speakers. Dr. Richard H. Derby was added to the Council of the Society.

—*The Athenæum* announces that Mr. A. D. Weld-French of Boston, the author of the "Index Armorial," has just finished a collection of "Notes on the Surnames of Francus, Franceis, French, &c., in Scotland, with an Account of the Frenches of Thorndykes."

—Mrs. R. C. Waterston of Massachusetts possesses one of the most valuable collections of autographs in this country. It was made by the Dowager Lady Byron, and among its treasures is a bit of verse supposed to be in the handwriting of Dean Swift.

—The lecture reading course recently given before the Brown University Lecture Association by Mrs. Erving Winslow and Richard Burton, Ph.D., will be repeated in Boston by private subscription, Jan. 9-25. The six lectures deal with Ibsen and his works, and with Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blind." Tickets for the course can be had of Mrs. Alexander F. Wadsworth, 5 Louisburg Square.

—The New York *Evangelist* has celebrated its sixty-fourth anniversary by changing its form from the "blanket sheet" to the smaller form usual in periodicals of its kind. It announces also its reorganization into a joint stock corporation, the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, its editor and proprietor for forty years, remaining the principal stockholder and continuing as editor. Henry R. Elliot will manage the publishing interests of the paper.

—Ibsen's star is rising again in this country. The performance of "Ghosts" at the Madison Square Theatre is followed by the publication by Macmillan & Co. of Prof. Boyesen's long-promised commentary on his plays.

—A branch of the New York Free Circulating Library, started last spring in Harlem, is often without any books on its shelves. If people will send books to the main library, 39 Bond Street, or send a notice to Miss Coe, at that address, she will see that they are properly forwarded.

—The Tercentenary Edition, in two volumes, of "The Complete Angler," limited to 350 copies, of which 50 are for this country, is a superb book. The work is edited, "with notes from a naturalist's point of view," by J. E. Harting, of the Linnean Society of London, and is prefaced by an abridgment of the lives of the authors by Sir John Hawkins. The fifty illustrations comprise portraits of Walton and Cotton, Sir John Hawkins and John Linnell, Sr., the latter's connection with "The Angler" dating from the beginning of this century, when he accompanied the late Mr. Bagster on his sketching tour through the Dove country. Three of Mr. Bagster's water-colors, etched by Percy Thomas, are reproduced in this edition. Mr. G. E. Lodge has engraved several sketches of the riverside birds and beasts, alluded to by Walton, from drawings by Linnell, Wale and others. The book is printed on Dickinson's hand-made paper, and the plates on Japanese vellum. Izaak Walton was born at Stafford in August, 1593, and this edition, which is sold in this country by Messrs. James Pott & Co. at \$37.50, is therefore most timely.

—The body of Sir Samuel White Baker, the African explorer, was incinerated at the Woking Crematory on Jan. 4.

—The executors named in the will of the late Prof. Philip Schaff are his widow, his sons Anselm and the Rev. David Schley, and his daughter, Mary C. Schaff. The Union Theological Seminary receives his library, with the exception of such books as his family may wish to keep, and the Rev. David S. Schaff is made his literary executor, receiving all MSS. and papers and two-thirds of the copyrights. The rights in the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia are left in equal parts to him and the Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, who are to keep the book abreast of the times with new editions. The widow and children are the residuary legatees.

—"The Greater Glory" is the name of Maarten Maartens's new novel, to be published by D. Appleton & Co., who announce also "Earls Court: a Story of Provincial Life," by Alexander Allardyce, a young Englishman who has attracted attention ere now. The same house will soon publish K. Walliszewski's "The Romance of an Empress."

—M. Marchal, the assistant librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, has just finished the general inventory of that library, on which he has been at work, with a large staff of assistants, since 1875. The figures given out thus far show that the National Library of France contains 2,150,000 volumes. This number does not include the collection of French provincial newspapers, which is still in an unbound form, and could therefore not be counted among the "volumes."

—All the MSS. and notebooks left by Maupassant are in the hands of his niece, who is also the sole heir of the copyright royalties on his works, which amounted last year to the sum of 40,000fr.

—Mr. Samuel Jaros, the editor of *Home and Country*, published in his December number the first of a series of three papers on the modern newspaper, in which he dealt with "The Development of Metropolitan Journals and Journalists." The second article will deal with "The Great Metropolitan Journals and the Men Who Make Them," and the third with "The Circulating and Advertising Departments."

—The editor of *The Century*, writing of "the unknown author's chance," says:—"Looking back over all the years of *The Century*, I sometimes think that the editors have wasted too much time and energy, have expended too much sympathy, in trying to fan feeble flames of talent. It is a question whether this method cannot be overdone. It interferes with the opportunities of strong and original genius, scatters the attention of the public, and creates false hopes in many bosoms."

—"Is not Sarah Grand presumably the author of 'Calmire'?" inquires L. A. P., of Albany. "My reason for asking this question is to prompt the readers of *The Critic* to compare the two books, 'Calmire' and 'The Heavenly Twins'—if they can obtain them as a loan."

—An Irish magazine for Irish readers, written by Irishmen and Irishwomen, will be *The Old Country*, begun in Dublin this month under the editorship of the Rev. Frederick Langbridge. The Donegal Irish village, which was one of the features of the Midway Plaisance, last summer, has been transferred, in many of its more picturesque details, to the well-known Wanamaker bazar at Philadelphia.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Riverside Literature Series Lowell's famous "A Fable for Critics." The book is illustrated with outline portraits of the authors mentioned in the poem, and there is also a facsimile of the rhyming title-page of the first edition. It should be very valuable for the higher grade of school work.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

1781.—In 1836, an edition of Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," published in Boston, was copyrighted by John Quincy Adams. Was this the ex-President of the United States, or another person of the same name? President Adams was elected in 1825.

1782.—In one of Mr. T. R. Sullivan's shorter stories, entitled "To Her" (published by Charles Scribner's Sons), he heads a story with the following quotation:—"There cannot be two loves in a man's life: there can be only one, deep as the sea, but without shores. Balzac." From what work of Balzac is this a quotation?

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A. B. P. S.

Publications Received

Adams, G. B. *Civilization during the Middle Ages.* \$2.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Arnold, E. M. *Platonics.* 12. 6d. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
Benson, E. F. *Six Common Things.* 12. 6d. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
Boyesen, H. H. *Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen.* \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Cherbulier, V. *A Phidian Horse.* Tr. by E. H. B. Roberts. John Wanamaker.
Church, A. H., and others. *Some Minor Arts as Practised in England.* \$7.50. Macmillan & Co.
Craig, O. J. *Oulatanon.* Bowen-Merrill Co.
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by S. Lee. Vol. XXXVII. \$3.75. Macmillan & Co.

Edelweiss, O. von. *Roset Rosa Lyrica.*
Edgeworth, M. *Novels and Tales of.* 12 vols.
Edwards, E. A. *A Royal Heiress.*
English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. II. Ed. by J. A. H. Murray. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Ferguson, C. P. *Reminiscences of a Journey to Indianapolis in 1836.*
Flint, R. *Historical Philology in France.* \$4. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Garland, H. *Prairie Songs.* \$2. Stone & Kimball.
Gaywaters. *Secret Harmony of the Spheres.* \$2. Am. Print. and Engraving Co.
Herbert, G. *The Temple: Sacred Poems.* \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Home-Model. *Fourth Annual Report of.* 146 St. Ann's Ave., New York City.
Irving, W. *Rip Van Winkle and Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Johnes, W. *Miss Gwynne, Bachelor.* 50c. G. W. Dillingham.
Lamb, C., and Jerrold, D. *Bon-Mots.* 75c. Macmillan & Co.
Lee, V. *Althes.* 75. 6d. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
Lethaby, W. R. *Leadwork.* \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.
Malory, T. *Le Morte Darthur.* Vol. I. \$7. F. W. Farnes & Co.
M. A. W. *Our Dorothy.*
Methodist Year Book, 1894. Ed. by A. B. Sanford. 10c. Hunt & Eaton.
Mitchell, W. F. *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny, 1857-59.* \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.
Osgood, H., and Others. *Anti-Higher Criticism.* Ed. by L. W. Munhall. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Pepys, S. *Diary of.* Vol. III. Ed. by H. B. Wheatley. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Ridpath, J. C. *The Man in History.* Bowen-Merrill Co.
Robinson, E. *Catalogue of Greek, Etruscan and Roman Vases in Boston Museum of Fine Arts.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Rossetti, C. *Sing-Song.* \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Rossetti, C. *Goblin Market.* \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Rutherford, M. *Catherine Furse.* \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Salt, H. S. *Richard Jefferies.* 90c. Macmillan & Co.
Sanderson, E. *History of England and British Empire.* \$3. F. W. Farnes & Co.
Scott, W. *Kenilworth.* 2 vols. Ed. by A. Lang. Estes & Lauriat.
Seamy, M. *Practical Business Book-Keeping.* \$1.55. D. C. Heath & Co.
Southworth, E. D. E. N. *The Rejected Bride.* 50c. Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Wallace, R. *Romance of an Empress, Catherine II. of Russia.* \$2. D. Appleton & Co.
Ward, W. *Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays.* \$3. Macmillan & Co.

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